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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Lives of the Italian Painters.* Michel Angelo, by R. DUPPA, LL.B.; Raphael, by QUATREMERE DE QUINCY. London: Bogue.

THIS latest edition of BOGUE'S "European Library" is one of the most attractive of the series. The taste for art is fast spreading among us. Thousands to whom formerly MICHEL ANGELO and RAPHAEL were known only as the names of certain great men who lived somewhere in Italy at some past time, and executed some works which some enthusiasts speak of rapturously, but wherefore they did not well understand, are now familiar with those very works from personal inspection during summer tours, or by means of the multiplied engravings of them, or even by copies more than respectable which are daily imported. Still more, they have inquired into the history of these immortal works, mastered their peculiar merits, learned to criticise them with correctness, and proved that they have in them the spirit of art. It was, therefore, with sound judgment that Mr. HAZLITT, the editor of the "European Library," selected *The Lives of the Italian Painters* as a subject likely to be popular, and for the first volume memoirs of two of the greatest whose genius has adorned their native land.

DUPPA'S "Life of Michel Angelo" is reproduced entire, with a useful alteration of a translation of the Italian extracts which he had preserved in their original form. This biography has been held in high esteem for its critical commentaries, which are conceived in a large and liberal spirit, and exhibit a profound acquaintance with the principles of art, so that its perusal is something more than the gratification of a rational curiosity to know the history of the artist; it is a study of art itself.

Of RAPHAEL there did not exist in the English language any satisfactory biography; Mr. HAZLITT therefore sought, among foreign publications, for one worthy of the theme. The choice was not perplexing. The unanimous voice of Europe had already pronounced in favour of the laborious memoir by QUATREMERE DE QUINCY. This has been translated with fidelity and elegance, and thus are the British public put in possession of two biographies of the foremost of the Italian painters at a price so trifling that there is scarcely a reader in the land who might not place it upon his bookshelf.

*The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels.* By THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq. Third Series. London, 1847. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE return to Mr. BARHAM'S Diary for a gleaning from the anecdotes with which it is so richly stored,

Here is another of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S stories:—

November 26.—Dined at Doctor Hughes's. Sir Walter Scott had been there the day before; and the doctor told me the following anecdote, which he had just heard from the "Great Unknown,"—a Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, had some years since been cited before the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Edinburgh, to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted, in a letter which was produced, that "he considered Pontius Pilate to be a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the other nine apostles put together." The fact was proved, and suspension followed.

Now for

## TWO STEAM-BOAT JOKES.

1827, May 18.—Henry S—— (of the Treasury), Cannon, Tom Hill, Sir A. B——, and myself, went up to Twickenham by the steam-boat; on the road we talked all sorts of nonsense, and laughed at every thing, and every body. A queer-looking old gentleman served especially to amuse S——, who took a delight in quizzing him. "What is this bridge we're coming to?" asked the old gentleman of the skipper. "Kew, Sir," returned the man. "How dare you insult a respectable individual," cried S——, "by insinuating that he is a *Kew comer*?" One of the company asserting that he had seen a pike caught, which weighed thirty-six pounds, and was four feet in length. "Had it been a sole," said Henry, "it would have surprised me less, as Shakspeare tells us,

All the souls that are, were four feet (forfeit) once."

In the year 1827, Mr. BARHAM renewed his acquaintance with THEODORE HOOK, of whom the editor observes, that "no description can convey even a faint idea of the brilliancy of his conversational powers, of the inexhaustible prodigality with which he showered around puns, *bon mots*, apt quotations, and every variety of anecdote, throwing life and humour into all by the exquisite adaptation of eye, tone, and gesture, to his subject. Some stories of him are preserved in the diary.

## ANECDOTES OF HOOK.

Hook took occasion from this story to repeat part of a prologue which he once spoke as an amateur before a country audience, without one word being intelligible from the beginning to the end. He afterwards preached part of a sermon in the style of the Rev. ———, of Norwich, of whom he gave a very humorous account; not one sentence of the harangue could be understood, and yet you could not help, all through, straining your attention to catch the meaning. He then gave us many absurd particulars of the Berners-street hoax, which he admitted was contrived by himself and Henry H——, who was formerly contemporary with me at Brazenose, and whom I knew there, now a popular preacher. He also mentioned another of a similar character, but previous in point of time, of which he had been the sole originator. The object of it was a Quaker who lived in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Among other things brought to his house were the dresses of a Punch and nine blue devils, and the body of a man from Lambeth bone-house, who had the day before been found drowned in the Thames. In the evening, after Lady ——— had sung "I've been roaming," Hook placed himself at the pianoforte, and gave a most extraordinary display of his powers both as a musician and an improvisatore. His assumed object was to give a specimen of the burlettas formerly produced at Sadler's Wells, and he went through the whole of one which he composed upon the spot. He commenced with the tuning of the instruments, the prompter's bell, the rapping of the fiddlestick by the leader of the band, and the overture, till, the curtain being supposed to rise, he proceeded to describe:—The first scene.—A country village—cottage (o. r.)—church (v. s.) Large tree near wing. Bridge over a river occupying the centre of the back ground. Music.—Little men in red coats seen riding over bridge. Enter—Gaffer from cottage, to the symphony usually played on introducing old folks on such occasions. Gaffer, in recitative, intimates that he is aware that the purpose of the Squire in thus early



"A crossing over the water,  
Is to hunt not the stag, but my lovely daughter."

Sings a song and retires, to observe Squire's motions, expressing a determination to balk his intentions;

"For a peasant's a man, and a squire's no more,  
And a father has feelings, though never so poor."

Enter Squire with his train.—Grand chorus of huntsmen—"Merry toned horn, blythe is the morn," "Hark forward, away, glorious day," "Bright Phoebus," "Aurora," &c. &c. The Squire dismisses all save his confidant, to whom, in recitative, he avows his design of carrying off the old man's daughter, then sings under her window. The casement up one pair of stairs opens. Susan appears at it, and sings—asking whether the voice which has been serenading her is that of her "true blue William, who, on the seas,—is blown about by every breeze." The Squire hiding behind the tree; she descends to satisfy herself; is accosted by him, and refuses his offer; he attempts force. The old man interferes, lectures the Squire, locks up his daughter, and exit (p. s.) Squire sings a song expressive of rage, and his determination to obtain the girl, and exit (p. s.)

Whistle—Scene changes with a slap.—Public-house door; sailors carousing, with long pig-tails, checked shirts, glazed hats, and blue trowsers. Chorus—"Jolly tars, Plough the main,—Kiss the girls, Sea again." William, in recitative, s'ates that he has been "With brave Rodney," and has got "Gold galore;" tells his messmates he has heard a land-lubber means to run away with his sweetheart, and ask their assistance. They promise it.

"Tip us your fin! We'll stick t're, my hearty,  
And beat him! Haven't we beat Boney-party?"

Solo, by William, "Girl of my heart, Never part." Chorus of sailors—"Shiver my timbers," "Smoke and fire, d—n the Squire," &c. &c. (Whistle—scene closes—slap.)

Scene—the village as before. Enter Squire; reconnoitres in recitative; beckons on Gipsies, headed by confidant in red. Chorus of Gipsies entering—"Hark! hark! Butchers' dogs bark! Bow, wow, wow, Not now, not now." "Silence, hush! Behind the bush. Hush, hush, hush." "Bow, wow, wow." "Hush, hush." "Bow, wow." "Hush! hush! hush!" Enter Susan from cottage. Recitative.

"What can keep father so long at market?  
The sun has set, altho' it's not quite dark yet.

—Butter and eggs,  
—Weary legs,"

Gipsies rush on and seize her; she screams; Squire comes forward. Recitative Affettuoso—"She scornful, imploring, furious, frightened!" Squire offers to seize her; True Blue rushes down and interposes; Music agitato; Sailors in pig-tails beat off gipsies; Confidant runs up the tree; True Blue collars Squire. Enter Gaffer:—

"Hey-day! what's all this clatter;  
William ashore?—why what's the matter?"

William releases Squire, turns to Sue; she screams and runs to him; embrace; "Lovely Sue; Own True Blue;" faints; Gaffer goes for gin; she recovers and refuses it; Gaffer winks, and drinks it himself; Squire, Recitative—"Never knew, about True Blue, constant Sue;" "Devil's glad, here, my lad; what says dad?" William, recitative—"Thank'ye, squire; heart's desire; roam no more; moored ashore." Squire joins lovers—"Take her hand; house, and bit of land; my own ground;

"And for a portion here's two hundred pound!"

Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, and sailors with pig-tails; Solo, Susan—"Constant Sue; own True Blue." Chorus; Solo, William—"Dearest wife, laid up for life." Chorus; Solo, Squire—"Happy lovers, truth discovers." Chorus; Solo, Gaffer—"Curtain draws, your applause." Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, sailors in pig-tails; William and Susan in centre; Gaffer (o. p.), Squire (r. s.), retire singing,

"Blythe and gay—Hark away!  
Merry, merry May;  
Bill and Susan's wedding-day."

Such is a brief sketch, or skeleton, thrown together from memory, of one of those extemporaneous melodramas with which Hook, when in the vein, would keep his audience in convulsions for the best part of an hour. Perhaps, had his

*improvisatising* powers been restricted to that particular class of composition, the impromptu might have been questioned; but he more generally took for subjects of his drollery the company present, never succeeding better than when he had been kept in ignorance of the names of those he was about to meet; but, at all times, the facility with which he wrought in what had occurred at table, and the points he made bearing upon circumstances impossible to have been foreseen, afforded sufficient proof that the whole was unpremeditated. Neither in this, nor in any other of his conversational triumphs, was there anything of trickery or effort. No abruptness was apparent in the introduction of an anecdote; no eager looking for an opportunity to fire off a pun, and no anxiety touching the fate of what he had said. In fact, he had none of the artifice of the professional wit about him, and none of that assumption and caprice which minor "Lions" exhibit so liberally to their admirers. It may be fairly said, as he knew no rival, so he has left no successor.

Mr. BARHAM occasionally indulged in

AN ENIGMA.

To be called by my name you would highly disdain,  
Though with titles of honour I rank in the list;  
By law and by custom I single remain,  
Though unless I am double I cannot exist.

Ans. "A Fellow."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

It was Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who was thus driven to extricate himself from a similar dilemma, when, on being asked "how he accounted" for some strange tale he had related, on no less authority than that of his own grandmother, he was forced to reply, after some deliberation, "Aiblins my grandmither was an awfu' leear."

Here is another specimen of

HOOK'S HOAXES.

December 8.—Hook called, and in the course of conversation, gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?" "Those, Ma'am," returned Theodore, "are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior Peers always come first." "Thank you, Sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear! (turning to a girl about fourteen), tell Jane (about ten), those are the Barons of England and the juniors (that's the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home." "Dear me, Ma!" said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the youngest? I am sure he looks very old." Human nature, added Hook, could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax. "And, pray, Sir," continued the lady, "what gentlemen are these?" pointing to the Bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz. the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes. "Gentlemen, Madam!" said Hook, "these are not gentlemen; these are ladies, elderly ladies—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right." The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, "Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies and Dowager Peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that." All went on smoothly, till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. "Pray, Sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?" "That, Madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey!" "No, Sir!" cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we knows a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year!" "No such thing, my dear Madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural, "it has been I know so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything." The good old gentle-

woman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.

Mr. BARHAM loved a ghost-story, and evidently had faith in such appearances. He appears to have transferred to his diary such as he chanced to hear in society as proceeding from sources seemingly authentic. A very remarkable one was told him by the party to whom it had occurred, and it is certainly the most curious and inexplicable we have ever read; but it is too long for extract. Another is better adapted to our limits.

Nov. 1832.—At the death of her father, Miss R—— inherited, among other possessions, the home-farm called Compton Marsh, which remained in her own occupation, under the management of a bailiff. This man, named John ——, was engaged to be married to a good-looking girl, to whom he had long been attached, and who superintended the dairy. One morning, Miss R——, who had adopted masculine habits, was going out with her greyhounds, accompanied by a female friend, and called at the farm. Both the ladies were struck by the paleness and agitation evinced by the dairy-maid. Thinking some lovers' quarrel might have taken place, the visitors questioned her strictly respecting the cause of her evident distress, and at length, with great difficulty, prevailed upon her to disclose it. She said that, on the night preceding, she had gone to bed at her usual hour, and had fallen asleep, when she was awakened by a noise in her room. Rousing herself she sat upright and listened. The noise was not repeated, but between herself and the window, in the clear moonlight, she saw John standing within a foot of the bed, and so near to her that, by stretching out her hand she could have touched him. She called out immediately, and ordered him peremptorily to leave the room. He remained motionless, looking at her with a sad countenance, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, bade her not be alarmed, as the only purpose of his visit was to inform her that he should not survive that day six weeks, naming, at the same time, two o'clock as the hour of his decease. As he ceased speaking, she perceived the figure gradually fading, and growing fainter in the moonlight, till, without appearing to move away, it grew indistinct in its outline, and finally was lost to sight. Much alarmed, she rose and dressed herself, but found everything still quiet in the house, and the door locked in the inside as usual. She did not return to bed, but had prudence enough to say nothing of what she had seen, either to John, or to any one else. Miss R—— commended her silence, advising her to adhere to it, on the ground that these kinds of prophecies sometimes bring their own completion along with them.

The time slipped away, and notwithstanding her unaffected incredulity, Miss R—— could not forbear, on the morning of the day specified, riding down to the farm, where she found the girl uncommonly cheerful, having had no return of her vision, and her lover remained still in full health. He was gone, she told the ladies, to Wantage market, with a load of cheese which he had to dispose of, and was expected back in a couple of hours. Miss R—— went on and pursued her favourite amusement of coursing; she had killed a hare, and was returning to the house with her companion, when they saw a female, whom they at once recognised as the dairy-maid, running with great swiftness up to the avenue which led to the mansion. They both immediately put their horses to their speed, Miss R—— exclaiming, 'Good God! something has gone wrong at the farm!' The presentiment was verified. John had returned, looking pale and complaining of fatigue, and soon after went to his own room, saying he should lie down for half an hour, while the men were at dinner. He did so, but not returning at the time mentioned, the girl went to call him, and found him lying dead on his own bed. He had been seized with an aneurism of the heart.

In the autumn of 1831, the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH was appointed to one of the canonries of St. Paul, and this introduced Mr. BARHAM to his society. The diary has preserved several anecdotes of him.

An instance is related of the tricks to which SCOTT resorted in order to preserve his incognito.

Feb. 11.—Dined with Sir George W——r. John Murray, the publisher, who was present, told me that Sir Walter Scott, on being taxed by him, as the author of "Old Mortality," not only denied having written it, but added, "In order to convince you that I am not the author I will review the book for you in 'The Quarterly';"—which he actually did, and Murray still has the MS. in his handwriting.

In July 1832, Mr. BARHAM lost his second son by Asiatic cholera. He was taken ill, died, and was buried in twenty-four hours.

A MOTTO BY SYDNEY SMITH.

Nov. 17, 1832.—Dined with Mr. (Sydney) Smith. He told me of the motto he had proposed for Bishop B——'s arms, in allusion to his brother, the well-known fish-sauce projector,

*Gravi jampridem saucia cura.*

Soon after this, Mr. BARHAM received the following, forwarded by post, without signature or comment, but of course the author could not be mistaken.

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

LAST EDITION.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
Unwonted softness to the salad give;  
Of ardent mustard add a single spoon,  
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;  
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
To add a double quantity of salt:  
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucrea crown,  
And once with vinegar, procured from town;  
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs  
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;  
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.  
And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss  
A magic tea-spoon of anchovy sauce;  
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,  
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,  
Serenely full, the epicure may say,—  
"Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day."

N.B. As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is to be hoped young salad-makers will not attempt any improvements upon it.

In 1837, Mr. BENTLEY commenced his *Miscellany*, and "The Ingoldsby Legends," contributed by his old friend and schoolfellow, were the most popular of its contents.

In August 1841, Hook died. Only a month before Mr. BARHAM had called upon him, and a letter to Mrs. HUGHES describes the interview. From it we take two or three passages relating to

HOOK IN HIS LAST DAYS.

I was, I confess, a little startled, when he told me that he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts, taken alternately with rum and milk, and Guinness's porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the stimulants which I knew he took besides, though he said nothing about them, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice. He promised me that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so. He went on to speak of some matters of business connected with the novel he was employed on, part of which he read to me; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit was more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it! We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects, and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college days, by the increased fund of anecdote, which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. \* \* \* After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual. I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time, "Why, my dear



Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived." "Pulled me!" said he, "you may well say that; look here," and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

Mr. BARHAM's death was produced prematurely by a disease of the throat, not originally dangerous, but rendered fatal by neglect. He met his end with the calmness of a Christian. He insisted on being told the true opinion of his doctors, and finding it unfavourable, he prepared to die. The stroke was not long delayed. His soul departed from its earthly tenement on the morning of the 17th of June, 1845, in the 57th year of his age, in faith, and hope, and charity with all men.

Of the remarkable poems he has left to posterity we must treat in the proper department of THE CRITIC some other week.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels in Peru, during the years 1838 to 1842, on the Coast, in the Sierra, across the Cordilleras, and the Andes, into the Primeval Forests.* By Dr. J. J. Von TSCHUDI. Translated from the German. By THOMASINA ROSS. London, 1847. Bogue.

THIS work has been already introduced to the British public in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where two elaborate notices of it appeared immediately after its publication in Germany. The glimpses thus given of its contents created a general desire for further acquaintance with it, and to gratify the curiosity so excited, Miss Ross has executed the very accurate translation now before us. Enough to say that the perusal of the entire work amply fulfils expectation, and that we are about to conduct our readers through scenes as new and interesting as any that have engaged their attention since the commencement of this journal.

On the 27th of February, 1838, Dr. TSCHUDI sailed from Havre. On the 5th of June he landed at San Carlos, and the first object that attracted his attention was a vast multitude of small birds of prey, keeping in flocks, like our sparrows, hopping about everywhere, and perching on hedges and housetops. They proved to belong to the gyr-falcon family. They are the scavengers of the country, and therefore privileged intruders.

The captain made excuses for prolonging his stay at Chiloe, at which the Doctor was well pleased, and he devoted it to a survey of the island. The climate is so moist that it is a proverb there that it rains six days a week and is cloudy the seventh. The people are poor and uncivilised. Agriculture is very backward. This is the account of

#### TILLAGE IN CHILOE.

To a stranger nothing can appear more extraordinary than their mode of ploughing. As to a regular plough, I do not believe such a thing is known in Chiloe. If a field is to be tilled, it is done by two Indians, who are furnished with long poles, pointed at one end. The one thrusts his pole pretty deeply, and in an oblique direction, into the earth, so that it forms an angle with the surface of the ground. The other Indian sticks his pole in at a little distance, and also obliquely, and he forces it beneath that of his fellow-labourer, so that the first pole lies as it were above the second. The first Indian then presses on his pole, and makes it work on the other, as a lever on its fulcrum, and the earth is thrown up by the point of the pole. Thus they gradually advance, until the whole field is furrowed by this laborious process.

Let us take one peep into its capital,

#### SAN CARLOS.

The town of San Carlos is dirty; the streets unpaved, narrow, and crooked. The houses, with few exceptions, are

wretched wooden huts, for the most part without windows; but there is a board divided in the middle horizontally, the upper part of which being open, it serves for a window, and when both parts are open, it forms a door. The flooring usually consists merely of hard-trodden clay, covered with straw matting. The furniture, like the apartments, is rude and inconvenient. These remarks, of course, apply to the habitations of the very poor class of people. The richer families live in more comfortable style. Of the public buildings, the custom-house and the governor's residence are the most considerable, but both make a very indifferent appearance. In front of the governor's house, which occupies a tolerably large space of ground, in the upper part of the town, a sentinel is constantly stationed. This sentinel parades to and fro, without shoes or stockings, and not unfrequently without a coat, his arms being covered only by his shirt-sleeves. As to a cap, that seems to be considered as unnecessary a part of a well-conditioned uniform, as shoes and stockings. After sunset every person who passes the governor's house is challenged. "Who goes there?" is the first question; the second is *Que gente?* (what country?) The sailors amuse themselves by returning jocular answers to these challenges; and the sentinel, irritated by their jeers, sometimes runs after them through part of the town, and when weary of the chase, returns to his post.

At length the captain made sail, and on the 30th of June they landed at Valparaiso, whose aspect from the sea, even to voyagers longing for land, was far from justifying its title, "The Vale of Paradise." The streets are wretchedly narrow, and badly lighted, and not unfrequently passengers fall over the unprotected chasms (for they are built on the sides of a rock) and are killed. The taverns are dirty and bad, even the second-rate ones being far beneath the very worst in the towns of Europe. The Doctor relates an amusing anecdote that marked their arrival.

#### THE OFFICER AND THE SWORD.

No sooner had we cast anchor than several officers of the Chilean army came on board to inquire whether we had any swords to dispose of, assuring us that they, together with the majority of their comrades, were yet unprovided with arms, and knew not where to procure them. The captain informed them that there were no swords in our cargo; but that he had a few sabres, &c. which he was very willing to sell. They were immediately produced, and some were purchased; among the number was a heavy broad-sword, about five feet in length, which had once belonged to a cuirassier in Napoleon's guard. The Chilean officer who bargained for it was a delicate-looking stripling, who, with both hands, could scarcely raise the heavy weapon. He, nevertheless, flattered himself that it would enable him to achieve great deeds in battle, and deal death among the Peruvians. Ten months afterwards I met this hero on a march among the mountains of Peru. He had, girded on, a light little sword, like a tooth pick or a bodkin compared with the formidable weapon he had discarded, and which a sturdy negro was carrying behind. I could not refrain from asking the officer whether the trusty broad-sword had not done good service in the battle of Yungay; but he candidly acknowledged that he had not attempted to use it, as he found it much too unwieldy.

The war between Chili and Peru had just broken out, and the Doctor describes the squadron despatched by the former, consisting of twenty-seven transport ships, and eight ships of war. The officers commanding were almost all Englishmen, the crews English and American deserters. They were wretchedly furnished. The poor horses were killed by dozens through bad management in the embarkation. The soldiers were so averse to the service that they were bound together two and two by ropes, and absolutely driven into the boats. Among other notabilities at this city were the following:—

#### VALPARAISO WATCHMEN.

In Valparaiso, as in most of the towns on the western coast of South America, the *serenos* go about all night, calling the hours and announcing the state of the weather. At ten



o'clock they commence with their—"Viva Chile!"—"Ave Maria purissima!"—"Las diez han dado y sereno!" (past ten o'clock and a fine night!) or *nublado* (cloudy,)—or *lloviendo* (raining.) Thus, they continue calling every half-hour till four o'clock in the morning. Should an earthquake take place, it is announced by the *sereno* when he goes his round in the following half-hour. However, the phenomenon usually announces itself in so positive a way, that the inhabitants may easily dispense with the information of the *serenos*.

#### A MOVEABLE PRISON.

It consists of a number of large covered waggons, not unlike those used for the conveyance of wild beasts. In the inside of each wagon planks are fixed up like the board bedsteads in a guard house, affording resting-places for eight or ten prisoners. A guard is stationed at the door, which is at the back of the wagon; and in the front a sort of kitchen is constructed. These waggons are drawn by the prisoners themselves, who are for the most part destined to work in the streets and roads, and, accordingly, they take their prison with them when they are ordered to any considerable distance from the town. To a country in which there may be said to be no winter, this sort of nomad prison is exceedingly well-suited, and the prisoners may be conveyed from place to place at very little expense.

And of its natural history, this is the most novel reminiscence:—

#### THE CONDOR.

In the market, live condors are frequently sold. These birds are caught in traps. A very fine one may be purchased for a dollar and a half. I saw eight of these gigantic birds secured in a yard in a very singular manner. A long narrow strap of leather was passed through the nostrils of the bird and firmly knotted at one end, whilst the other end was fastened to a wooden or iron peg fixed in the ground. By this means the motion of the bird was not impeded; it could walk within the range of a tolerably wide circle; but on attempting to fly it fell to the ground head foremost. It is no trifling matter to provide food for eight condors; for they are among the most ravenous of birds of prey. The owner of those I saw assured me that, by way of experiment, he had given a condor, in the course of one day, eighteen pounds of meat (consisting of the entrails of oxen); that the bird devoured the whole, and ate his allowance on the following day with as good an appetite as usual. I measured a very large male condor, and the width from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other was fourteen English feet and two inches—an enormous expanse of wing, not equalled by any other bird except the white albatross (*Diomedea exulans*, Linn.).

On the 14th of August he again set sail, and in a few days was landed at Callao, whence, after a brief stay, he proceeded to Lima.

The inhabitants of Lima are passionately fond both of music and dancing. The opera is thronged, and though they have no regular ballet, the Spanish and other national dances are constantly introduced. Smoking is permitted between the acts. But the theatre is rendered almost intolerable by swarms of fleas which infest every part of the house, and especially the boxes. Cock-fighting is another favourite amusement.

Every shade of colour is found in the population of Lima. The mixed races are described as degraded in mind and body. "As a general rule," he says, "they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues of their progenitors." This is his portrait of

#### THE WHITE CREOLE OF LIMA.

They are slender in figure and of middling height. Their features are strongly marked, their complexions fair and pale, and their hair is of the darkest black. The men are feeble and look prematurely old. Their countenances, though not devoid of dignity, have a sort of sensual expression. They are effeminate, and disinclined to any kind of active exertion. If they ride the distance of ten miles, they think they have performed a feat of heroism worthy to be recorded in the state archives. If the white Creoles are inferior to the Spaniards in physical organization, they are no less beneath them in qualities of

mind. They shrink from any thing that demands intellectual exertion. In short, they are sworn enemies to business of every kind, and those who are obliged to work for their own support, make choice of some occupation which, like that of a shopman, affords them ample time to smoke cigars and to gossip with their neighbours. The richer classes give themselves up wholly to idleness. They walk about and visit their acquaintances, or they lounge in shops or at the corners of streets, and in that manner they often amuse themselves for half a day. Those who are owners of plantations occasionally ride through them to receive reports from their mayordomos. Their afternoons are usually spent in the *Coliseo de gallos*, in the coffee-houses, or at the gaming-table.

On the other hand, he has some virtues. He is very temperate, and possesses some intellectual power, when he chooses to exert it. Far superior, however, to the men, according to our author, who seems to have been fascinated by their attractions, are

#### THE WOMEN OF LIMA.

In figure they are usually slender and rather tall, and they are especially remarkable for small, elegantly formed feet. Their fair faces, from which the glowing breath of the tropics banishes every trace of bloom, are animated by large, bright, dark eyes. Their features are pleasing—the nose being well-formed, though in general not small—the mouth invariably adorned with two rows of brilliant white teeth, and their long black hair arranged in plaits, falls gracefully over the bosom and shoulders. Add to all this a captivating grace of manner and deportment, joined to an exceeding degree of gentleness and amiability, and it will be readily admitted that the *Limena* is a noble specimen of female loveliness. At home, especially in the summer season, the ladies of Lima dress lightly and even negligently. For visiting or going to the theatres, they adopt the French fashions. When walking in the streets, attending church, joining religious processions, &c. they appear in a very singular costume, peculiar to Lima, and consisting of two garments called the *saya* and the *manto*. Of the *saya* there are two kinds. The one called the *Saya ajustada*, was formerly in general use, but is now seldom seen. It consists of a petticoat, or skirt, of thick stiff silk, plaited at top and bottom in small fluted folds, drawn very close together at the waist and widening towards the ankles, beneath which the *saya* does not descend. It is tight to the form, the outline of which it perfectly displays, and its closeness to the limbs naturally impedes rapid movement. When wearing the *Saya ajustada*, the ladies find it no very easy task to kneel down at church, and at the termination of every genuflection, they are obliged to twist and twirl about for a considerable time before they can again stand on their feet.

But there is another garment that plays a more important part—the *Manto*: a veil of thick black silk, fastened by a band at the back of the waist, whence it is brought over the shoulders and head, and drawn over the face so closely that only a small triangular space, sufficient for an eye to peep through, is left uncovered. One of the small neatly gloved hands confines the folds of the *manto*, whilst the other holds a richly embroidered pocket-handkerchief. Concealed in this costume, a lady is called a *Tapada*. Behold now

#### THE USES OF THE MANTO.

A *Tapada* indulges in a vast deal of freedom when in the streets, and scruples not to make satirical observations on anybody or any thing that strikes her as strange or ludicrous. The veil, or *manto*, is sacred, and should a man attempt to remove it by force, he would run the risk of being severely handled by the populace. In intrigues of gallantry the *Saya y Manto* play a conspicuous part. A lady has been known to arrange an assignation with a gentleman in the street, whilst her husband, standing at the distance of a few yards and conversing with a friend on some matter of business, has little suspected that the *Tapada* whose graceful figure he admired, was his own faithful better-half. It frequently happens that Dona Mariquita obliges Dona Merceditas, or Dona Panchita with the loan of her *saya*, for the purpose of hood-winking the Argus-eyes of her jealous husband;—the lady being well convinced that her kind friends will render her the like service

in similar circumstances. Sometimes a lady may be seen in an old tattered *saya*, such as scarcely the poorest female might be expected to wear; but the costly shawl, the worked pocket-handkerchief, the silk stockings, and satin shoes, betray the rank of the *Tapada*, and plainly denote that she has sallied forth on an adventure. It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to recognise a lady thus muffled up. The one eye alone visible, is, as may be supposed, a very uncertain token of identity, and the figure and walk may be easily disguised. It will readily be supposed that these concealments sometimes occasion mortifying mistakes. On beholding a tall slender figure whose symmetrical contour is discernible even through the unwieldy *saya*, and a bright dark eye beaming beneath the folds of the manto, one may be induced to imagine that the charms of a Hebe are concealed beneath the disfiguring garb. But how great is the disappointment when an accidental movement of the manto discloses the wide mouth of an ugly mulatta grinning from ear to ear. Most foreigners who marry Limenas stipulate that from the time of betrothal, their wives shall no longer wear the *saya y manto*. The condition is agreed to; but how far it is faithfully observed the husbands best know. Many, no doubt, lull themselves in the confidence of their wishes being implicitly obeyed; but female ingenuity readily devises opportunities for deception. The women of Lima never willingly renounce the *saya y manto*, for it is inseparably associated with customs to which they are, heart and soul, devoted.

In domestic life the ladies of Lima are described as affectionate mothers, but not very clever housekeepers. They keep a multitude of lazy servants, who do just as they please. The life of one is that of all. She rises late, pays her morning visits, at midday lolls on the sofa, and smokes a cigar; after dinner, visits again, and the evening is spent at the theatre, or on the plaza, or on the bridge. Vanity and love of dress have in them reached their climax. They have a passion for fine clothes, and for jewellery. Another of their manias is for perfumes. Above all, they pride themselves on the excessive smallness of their feet.

Whether walking, standing, sitting, swinging in the hammock, or reclining on the sofa, the grand object invariably is to display to advantage the tiny foot. To praise her virtue, her intelligence, her wit, or even her beauty, would be less complimentary to a Limena than to admire the elegance of her feet. All possible care is taken to preserve the small form of the foot, and the Lima ladies avoid every thing that may tend to spread or enlarge it. Their shoes are usually made of embroidered velvet, or satin, or of very fine kid, and are so exceedingly small, that they cannot be drawn on and off without difficulty. It is usual to have two new pairs every week, and the expense of a lady's shoes not unfrequently amounts to two hundred dollars per annum. A large foot is a thing held in horror by the Limenas; they call it *una pataza inglesa* (an English paw). I once heard some Lima ladies extolling in high terms the beauty of a fair European; but all their praise ended with the words:—"Pero que pie, valgame Dios! parece una lancha." (But what a foot, good Heaven! It is like a great boat.) Yet the feet of the lady alluded to would not, in Europe, have been thought by any means large.

They are also stated to be great gourmands. Another oddity is that of

#### LADIES' NAMES IN LIMA.

At first a stranger is struck with the singularity of the names of many of the women of Lima. A child receives the name of the saint, or of the festival whose celebration falls on the day of its birth. Those who happen to come into the world on the days on which the Romish Church celebrates the several manifestations of the Virgin, receive the most extraordinary names. For example, a child born on the anniversary day of the manifestation to St. Francis, on the Snow Mountain, is named *Nieves* (snow). *Pilar* (fountain-basin), is another strange name, conferred in honour of the manifestation of the Virgin at the Fountains in Saragossa. Then there are *Concepciones*, *Natividades*, and *Asuncions*, without number. A girl born on Candlemas-day is named *Candelaria*, and one born on the first day of the year receives the name of *Jesus*. The

singular effect of these names is heightened by the Spanish custom of using diminutives, formed by adding to the name the particle *ito*, or *ita*, the former being the masculine, the latter the feminine. It may be readily imagined that a foreigner is not a little startled on hearing a young lady called *Dona Jesuita*.

It is not of the ladies of Lima alone that it may be said that "on attaining a certain age they totally alter their habits of life." When their beauty fades, and they seek to become objects of compliment and flattery \* \* \* they betake themselves to piety and become *Beatas*, the literal meaning of which is "Bigots," but which would be rendered in English "Saints."

Dr. TSCHUDI describes minutely the various races by which Lima is peopled. He observes that the negroes, even in freedom, do not lose the characteristics of their race, and he avows his conviction that they are naturally inferior in intellectual capacity to other races. In speaking of the *Mulattos*, he notes a curious

#### PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

There is a certain class of *Mulattos*, who, in a psychological point of view, are very remarkable. They are distinguished by the nick-name of *Palanganas*. They are gifted with wonderful memory, and after the lapse of years they will repeat, word for word, speeches or sermons which they have heard only once. With this extraordinary power of memory, they combine a fertile fancy, and a boundless share of self-confidence. Wherever there is any thing to be seen or heard, the *Palanganas* never fail to attend, and they repeat with the most ludicrous attitudes and gestures all that they hear, be it a sermon in church, a speech in Congress, or an address delivered at any public solemnity.

Among the most favourite amusements of Lima are the religious processions. Vast numbers of ladies join as *Tapadas*, indulging in all sorts of coquetries, and the gentlemen station themselves in groups at the corners of the streets to admire their graceful figures, for their faces are concealed. Connected with this subject is

#### A STREET SCENE.

Every morning, at a quarter to nine, the great bell of the cathedral announces the raising of the host, during the performance of high mass. Immediately every sound is hushed in the streets and squares. Coachmen stop the carriages, riders check their horses, and foot-passengers stand motionless. Every one suspends his occupation or his conversation, and kneeling down, with head uncovered, mutters a prayer. But scarcely has the third solemn stroke of the bell ceased to vibrate, when the noise and movement are resumed; the brief but solemn stillness of the few preceding moments being thus rendered the more impressive by contrast. The same incident is renewed in the evening, between six and seven o'clock, when the bell sounds for the *Angelus* (*Oraciones*). The cathedral bell gives the signal, by three slow measured sounds, which are immediately repeated from the belfrys of all the churches in Lima. Life and action are then, as if by an invisible hand, suddenly suspended; nothing moves but the lips of the pious, whispering their prayers. The *Oracion* being ended, every one makes the sign of the cross, and says to the person nearest him, *Buenas noches* (Good night). It is regarded as an act of courtesy to allow another to take precedence in saying "Good night," and if several persons are together, it is expected that the eldest or the most distinguished of the group should be the first to utter the greeting. It is considered polite to request the person next to one to say *Buenas noches*; he with equal civility declines; and the alternate repetition of "*diga Vm.*" (you say it), "*No, Senor, diga Vm.*" (No, Sir, you say it,) threatens sometimes to be endless.

The effect produced by the three strokes of the cathedral bell is truly astonishing. The half-uttered oath dies on the lips of the uncouth negro; the arm of the cruel *Zambo*, unmercifully beating his ass, drops, as if paralyzed; the chattering mulatto seems as if suddenly struck dumb; the smart repartee of the lively *Tapada* is cut short in its delivery; the shop-keeper lays down his measure; the artizan drops his tool; the monk suspends his move on the draught-board; all,

with one accord, join in the inaudible prayer. Here and there the sight of a foreigner walking along indifferently, and without raising his hat, makes a painful impression on the minds of the people.

The carnival is marked by rude practical jokes, such as sprinkling people with water, throwing dirt from windows and balconies on the passers by. This, too, is

#### A CARNIVAL TRICK.

A very favourite trick adopted in carnival time, for frightening people as they pass along the streets, is the following:—a sack, filled with fragments of broken glass and porcelain, is fastened to the balcony by a strong rope, of such length that, when suspended from the window, the sack is about seven feet above the street. The apparatus being all ready, a mischievous negress and her *amita* (young mistress) watch the passers-by until they select one for their victim. The sack is then thrown over the front of the balcony, and a deafening crash ensues, though the rope prevents its contents from hurting any one. It is well known that in almost every street in Lima there is at least one balcony ready prepared for the performance of this trick; yet the suddenness of the crash always proves a shock, even to the strongest nerves. People start and run to one side of the street, and are sometimes so terrified that they drop down; then loud laughter and jeering remarks are heard in the balcony. Every year this trick is prohibited by the police, but the prohibition is treated with contempt.

Ice is devoured in great quantities by all classes, and is transported from the mountains on the backs of mules. Riding on horseback is a universal custom. The trappings are often very costly; a saddle was given to our author, the silver ornaments on the stirrups of which alone weighed forty pounds, and the value of the whole was 1,500 dollars. The spurs are of colossal magnitude; by custom they must contain  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of silver; the rowel is two inches in diameter, and the points are about thirty inches long.

The meals of the Peruvians are distinguished for variety, but not for excellence. Owing to a strange prejudice, there is visible perplexity in the face of

#### A PERUVIAN AT DINNER.

The Peruvians have some very singular prejudices on the subject of eating and drinking. Every article of food is, according to their notions, either heating (*caliente*), or cooling (*frio*); and they believe that certain things are in opposition one to another, or, as the Limenos phrase it, *se oponen*. The presence in the stomach of two of these opposing articles of food, for example, chocolate and rice, is believed to be highly dangerous, and sometimes fatal. It is amusing to observe the Limenos when at dinner, seriously reflecting, before they taste a particular dish, whether it is in opposition to something they have already eaten. If they eat rice at dinner, they refrain from drinking water, because the two things *se oponen*. To such an extreme is this notion carried, that they will not taste rice on days when they have to wash, and laundresses never eat it. Frequently have I been asked by invalids whether it would be safe for them to take a foot-bath on going to bed, as they had eaten rice at dinner!

At this point we pause, purposing next week to accompany the Doctor in his excursions into the neighbouring country, and his interesting and adventurous visit to the districts of the Gold and Silver Mines.

#### FICTION.

*Azeth, the Egyptian.* A Novel. In 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1847. Newby.

A THREEFOLD purpose is manifested in this novel, although the author informs us that his design was twofold only; first, the construction of an interesting tale; second, to convey a vivid picture of ancient Egypt; third, to promulgate a certain philosophy which he entertains respecting the past, present, and future, of the soul.

Such a plan is sufficiently ambitious; the question for the reviewer is, whether it has been satisfactorily accomplished. It is a bold experiment upon the nerves of circulating-library readers to meet them at the threshold with the announcement that the volumes they have borrowed in anticipation of the indolent excitement so delicious as one lools upon a sofa before a clear fire on a frosty night, have "an *exoteric* and *esoteric* design." The one is to portray the ancient Egyptian in his daily life, and the other to trace the gradual progress of a thinking and earnest soul from its first doubt of a false, to its final belief in a true, faith." And then, as if this were not alarming enough to those who are looking for mere amusement without labour of thought, it is further prefaced that the entire story has "a metaphysical design;" that "Amasis and Azeth are embodiments of spiritual temptations on the one side, and of spiritual weakness, joined to an intense longing for the true and good, on the other. Lysinoe, in her relation with Azeth, stands as a type of passive virtue, and the holy influence of a spiritualized love; while in Amenophis, the religious truth and purity which are the latest revelations to the soul, are attempted to be expressed."

Now we frankly confess to an aversion to all allegorical tales. If the story be in itself a good one, the allegory is forgotten as we read, and if recalled afterwards, appears like an impertinent interference with a pleasant memory; if very obvious in the perusal, it breaks the charm of the story. Both are defects; but the former is by far the most readily forgiven, and that is the character of the allegory in *Azeth*. The romance will be read, and even may become popular; but in despite, and not as a consequence, of its "metaphysical design." Fortunately for author and publisher, or for both, the tale is so well imagined, so cleverly wrought, and the descriptions are so vivid and eloquent, that the great majority of readers will go through it for the sake of the romance, charmed by the splendid series of pictures and the exciting scenes presented to them, without permitting their pleasure to be disturbed by the recollection that there is an *exoteric* meaning in them, and that the personages whose adventures they have been so eagerly pursuing not only never did exist, but were never intended by the author to be looked upon as embodiments of existence, only as mere types—metaphysical abstractions—shadows of a shade.

The author has used some diligence in the collection of his materials. He has well read up for his work. Ancients and moderns have been laid under contribution to supply the best intelligence relating to the men and manners of ancient Egypt. But although probably very correct in the forms of things, the spirit is not there which gave them reality and life. It is, in truth, the soul of the nineteenth century animating the frames and moving among the scenes of the year 700 before Christ. The personages think and speak according to the modes of thought and speech of our own day; the springs of action are ours, and belong not to the times in which they are pictured as arising.

Nor is this the peculiar fault of the author of *Azeth*. He shares it with every novelist who has attempted to lay the scene of a romance in the ages that preceded Christianity. LOCKHART, MOORE, BULWER, are signal examples of this failure. Is it indeed impossible for a Christian to comprehend the spirit of the heathen? It is strange that not all past times thus baffle the imagination of the novelists. The middle ages, with their forms and faith, equally are of the past, and yet are they reproduced with a truthfulness which is at once recognised. But into the classic times, though the records are equally explicit, and the material to draw from no less abundant, the novelist cannot so throw himself as to make their spirit his own, and restore them to us as they were, not in shape alone, but in soul. Let our metaphysical



author amuse himself with an endeavour to trace the cause of this, and we will gladly submit his lucubrations to the readers of *THE CRITIC* for their edification.

The author's style leans too much to the exaggerated. He is ever in superlatives; nothing is itself alone, but the expletives of our language are exhausted to make it great or splendid. He has contracted the vice of "the intense" school, and, if he be young, the sooner he emancipates himself from its influence the better for his future prospects: for he has undoubted abilities, and there is much in this novel that will well reward perusal. The story is attractive; the descriptions are not only correct to history, but they are singularly graphic, and many passages of reflection are scattered throughout, which cannot fail to please, and which mark the author as a man of no ordinary compass of thought.

Thus, taking it for all in all, spite of its metaphysical design, it is a novel that may be added to the circulating library, and borrowed without fear of time and money wasted. A few extracts will shew its manner. Of description, take

#### THE SHOPS OF MEMPHIS.

From the jeweller's Taia proceeded to the weavers of linen; scarce deigning to turn her pretty head as she passed the meaner shops of the rope-maker, and net-weaver, and the manufacturer of papyrus. Yet she halted before the unshuttered windows of the leather-cutter, whose embroidered sandals, which had been steeped in the white juice of the wreathing periploca, and dyed in the seeds of the dear acacia, seemed almost fit for the use of her sweet mistress. But Taia never vouchsafed to clothe the glancing feet of Nitocris in any but the sandals of Anthylla, which was as celebrated for this manufacture, as for its luscious wines. All its revenues being appropriated to the private expenditure of the Royal Lady, part were paid in this article of embroidered sandals. And though many other towns could produce slippers equal to, if not surpassing, those of Anthylla in beauty; yet fashion then, as ever, held supreme sway, and gave to all stamped by her sanction, a highest yet factitious value. The cleansers of stained or foul linen were also unheeded by the fire-maid. Nitocris might not employ the followers of such a trade as this! For where use had soiled too much for further wear, the fuller must not renew. The luxury of the kingly palace might not be disgraced by the presence of mean economy; and the sacred person of the Princess Palacide was not to be polluted by aught that was not best and newest. As much attention was paid to her as to the very statue of Isis; and with this, no article upon which the slightest stain rested, could be brought in contact. At the glass-blower's furnace she would also stop—the restless Taia!—and bargain for his gilded bottles, or painted cups, or long strings of engraven and coloured beads, with which the Princess often employed her leisure hours, by stringing them in loose, fanciful devices, or fastening them on bags of linen, cloth, and silk. This was a favourite employment of the ladies of Egypt, when wearied with weaving and embroidering. The smith, or armour-maker had power to arrest the hand-maid's wandering eyes, for there the flashing of the sun on a large metal mirror, the flattering surface of which reflected back a picture of such grace and loveliness as was that bright lip and dimpled brow, soon attracted her attention.

And this—

#### THE STREETS OF MEMPHIS.

The streets of Memphis presented an animated and diversified appearance. In the open shops were seated their several owners, employed in their particular trades, while attending, at the same time, to such customers as might arrive. In one street, the carpenter exposed to view the evidences of his handicraft, and proofs of his skill. Boxes of every size, destined either for conveying goods by land or canal travelling, or as idle ornaments for the luxurious apartments of the Egyptian nobles, stood on long, wide slabs. Behind these sat the owner, beneath the shadow of the roof and the awning which hung below the eaves. Small, elaborate articles, of fanciful shapes, were found here in great abundance. Fishes, which the thieving fox had already seized, ducks, geese, crocodiles, Typhonian figures, beautiful female forms, birds, and

many others of the like nature, were mixed amongst those whose beauty consisted in the engravings, and inlaid precious metals, or foreign woods, with which they were overspread. Luxurious chairs and couches, and multiform stools and carved tables, were piled up in the interior, or exposed in the front of the shop, where the workman sat. This was one of the favourite shops of the Egyptian ladies, whose taste for the beautiful in works of art was a prominent feature in their character. And many a long white veil might be seen lingering round the carpenter's wares, in admiration of their grace of design: and many a fair purchaser suddenly reflected, that a lotus-stand inlaid with ivory, or a jewel-case of the perfumed wood of Arabia where the very soil breathed of sweets, or a box of quaint shape and costly materials, was necessary for some indispensable business of the toilet.

As a specimen of the metaphysics, read this explication of

#### THE AUTHOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

Earth calls loudly to me through sense. The visible beauty of nature—the warm loveliness of sentient life—seem to me at times the only realities; the things to which I should do well to cling, turning from all else as from dreams, and shadows, and vapour-woven visions. But again in stillness—in the silent night—Heaven whispers to me, and its angels seem to hover round; and I hear their songs saying to me, that this our present life is the UNREAL; and that its pleasures and pursuits are all too coarse and rough for the pure soul's delicate love: that even in physical creation the true life and the true beauty are not the mere outward features of the form, but the spirit that lies shrouded within. Oh! it is a fierce warfare! Would to Heaven it were ended, though even in the cold tomb! "Thou art undergoing that which all men undergo in the first stage of their Thinking Life," replied the Priest. "There is in the breasts of all an unending conflict between these Two Natures. And by our constitution it must be so. Our number is Two; our souls are dually governed; and the world's question will ever be: which shall I serve; to which shall I consecrate myself—to the Body or the Spirit? to privation called virtue, or to the indulgence of natural instincts and propensities, which religion mysteriously names vice? In youth's hour of glowing passion, to the latter: in the calmness of age, to the former. And both obey the Laws of Nature in thus devoting themselves! Is this thine only doubt? thine only warfare? Foolish boy! Thou hast disturbed a sand-hill, and shriekest out that the universe is shaken. In after-years, when Thought shall have become to thee, what it is to many—a fierce monster that goads to madness, unless thou art strong, and canst subdue it under thee; when Passion shall have died, and left thee without an excuse for thy sorrow; then wilt thou look back to these puny troubles, and sigh for the serenity which such could disturb! Obey thy natural impulses. Live in thy young life; and waste it not in pale-eyed musings, and cold thought. Use thy passions—obey thy impulses—drink deep of the cup of joy—thou wert formed for this by nature. Leave to age the chilliness of self-control; but heap up round thy bed of youth the lilies of delight. And for thy religion—venerate the priests as the visible, incarnate gods. This is all that the *Ædes* demands. In acting thus thou wilt be acting more wisely than in striving to unite the wisdom of maturity with the passionateness of green boyhood. Follow Nature, and obey her commands, and surely thou must do right and well."

*Village Tales from the Black Forest.* By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated from the German, by META TAYLOR. London, 1847. Bogue.

REMOVED from those influences that are ever working changes in the features and form of society in cities where crowds congregate, and along the great highways of traffic or of travel, the peasantry of the Black Forest, holding unfrequent communication with the rest of the world, live and die, generation after generation, preserving, with almost superstitious reverence, the manners and customs and modes of thought that have been handed down from their ancestors. The population of this rude, but picturesque, country is scattered thinly about, earning by unwearied industry a plain but

sufficient subsistence. Some of them have attained even to wealth, or that which is wealth to them. They are not renting farmers, but proprietors of small farms varying from one to twenty acres. This "fixity of tenure" was the result of the French Revolution, the peasants having held, originally, by feudal service of an arbitrary nature, and to this day it is believed that the territorial lords protest against the emancipation as a violation of their rights of property, and would rescind it if an opportunity offered. Hence a distrust almost amounting to hatred on the part of the peasantry, and an entire severance between the two classes of society.

The villages, therefore, guard every privilege with excessive jealousy, and maintain a sturdy independence highly favourable to the development of character, and the cultivation of the sterner virtues. All innovations are rigorously opposed; even the modes of dress are prescribed. They appoint their own police, levy their own taxes, and become, as it were, the self-appointed executive of the government, who is represented by an officer of the crown, called the *Amtmann*, elected by themselves, and who forms their medium of communication with the superior officers of the state.

Such a state of society can scarcely fail to afford rich materials for the novelist desirous of character that should be at once new and true. In this mine AUERBACH has laboured with industry and success. In a series of tales he has brought before us a vivid picture of peasant life in the *Black Forest*. His *Village Tales* have not only attained extensive popularity in his own country, they have been read with delight in almost every part of Europe, and their appearance in an English dress will doubtless secure for them an equally hearty welcome here. Mrs. TAYLOR, herself a native of Germany, though for many years resident in England, has faithfully and gracefully performed her task, and this translation may be looked upon as a model specimen of the rendering of the pure German into the pure English; for AUERBACH writes the German of his country, and not the artificial manufacture of the schools which passes by that name in a large portion of its literature. Each tale, moreover, has the recommendation of a distinct moral aim in addition to its interest as a narrative. The work is handsomely got up, illustrated with engravings, and well adapted for a gift-book.

#### POETRY.

*Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children.* By the Honourable Mrs. NORTON. London, 1847. Cundall.

Mrs. NORTON has some nephews and nieces in Dorsetshire, and these little folk, learning how aunt Carry was wont to delight grown-up people with her poetry, be-thought themselves that possibly she might be prevailed upon to amuse them also with some tales in rhyme. Accordingly they united in a petition, which was presented with those smiles which make the appeal of children irresistible. Dear Aunt Carry readily acceded to their request, promised to employ her pen in their service, and in a few days two poems were produced, to wit, *The Adventures of a Wood Sprite*, and *The Story of Blanche and Brutikin*. The children were enchanted with them: they were read and repeated until they were almost learned by rote. Papa and mamma were invited to the audience, so were friends and relatives, old and young. All agreed that prettier poetry and prettier tales were never composed for the enjoyment of little people, and all said that so much amusement ought not to be limited to the circle of a single family, but that the tales should be printed and published, so that they might carry equal pleasure to every other fireside. Aunt Carry was prevailed upon to seek a publisher; and Mr. CUNDALL having joyfully undertaken the duties, Mr. AB-SALOM was invited to illustrate the fanciful poetry with

his fanciful pencil, and the result of this combination of genius is the elegant and acceptable Christmas book now before us.

Mrs. NORTON has in these ballads succeeded admirably in the difficult task of adapting her language and the tone of her thoughts to the comprehension of children, without being herself childish. Hence it will be read, by old as well as by young, with the pleasure always taken in whatever is true to nature, even though it be to child's nature. The reason that grown-up persons feel no interest in the books usually called children's books is, that they are false to nature, that they neither speak the language nor embody the thoughts of child or man. But take a genuine child's book, such as "Mrs. BARBAULD's Hymns," "Evenings at Home," and a few others, and the man will read it with pleasure and profit, because "the child is father to the man;" the man is but the flower, with the self-same leaves expanded which lay folded up in the bud of childhood—not one added, not one taken away—identical in substance, changed only in shape and hue.

But we are wandering into forbidden fields. Our present business is with Aunt Carry's ballads, whose charms can best be shewn by two or three passages.

#### THE WOOD-SPRITES.

In every tree a wood-sprite lives  
With the tree it suffers or thrives,  
And if the tree be cut suddenly down,  
The sprite has no longer a home of its own,  
Nor a shelter to hide its head from the storm,  
Nor a place in the winter to keep it warm;  
They are very timid, and when they spy  
Men or children approaching nigh,  
Quick, they get into the hollow hole,  
And seldom indeed, in the broad noon-day  
Can these little creatures be seen at play,  
But at night in the moonlight they all come out,  
They frisk, they laugh, they frolic about;  
From the slender branches they twist and swing,  
Or they all take hands in a fairy ring,  
And where their little quick feet have been  
The grass becomes of a fresher green;  
When you walk out you are sure to know  
The spots where those little feet come and go,  
For wherever a circle of green looks bright  
There the wood-fairies danced last night.  
But woe is me, ah! woe is me!  
For the fairy that lived in the Hawthorn-tree!

#### BLANCHE AND BRUTIKIN.

In a lone cottage, long ago,  
Upon a dreary moor,  
While the wind whistled bleak and sad  
Beyond the well-closed door;  
Sick unto death a shepherd lay,  
His two young children near,  
And feeble was the dying voice  
Those children strove to hear.  
All that the wise old shepherd said,  
I scarce have time to tell;  
He bade his children pray to God,  
And love each other well;  
He bade them watch his flocks by night,  
From hungry wolves that prowled;  
And shelter them in wintry hours,  
When storm-winds moaned and howled;  
And through the rich green valley,  
And up the sunny hill,  
Lead them in summer time to drink  
Beside the mountain rill:  
And well, and faithfully obey  
These clear and plain commands,  
Till the great Lord of the Manor  
Came back from foreign lands.  
He bade them humbly trust in God  
And in their Bible read,  
That the Father of the fatherless  
Might help them in their need:  
And carefully repair and keep  
That they might safely dwell,  
Two houses he had built for them,  
When he was strong and well:

Two small neat houses, side by side,  
 With windows set in each;  
 And roses growing round the door  
 Which little hands might reach.  
 And thus the good old shepherd died;  
 And left his children lone;  
 And they buried him, and carved his name  
 Upon a church-yard stone:  
 Then both these orphans grieved: and both  
 Intended to obey  
 The gentle loving words they heard  
 The dying shepherd say.  
 But one was selfish, lazy, rude;  
 Unfit for steady life;  
 Hard to persuade, or teach, or guide,  
 And prone to brawling strife.  
 And in a few short days he broke  
 The promises he made  
 To that dear father who was gone,  
 And in the grave-yard laid.  
 Unlike his gentle sister Blanche,  
 Who, dutiful and meek,  
 Did all as if she still could hear  
 That kind old father speak.  
 In the clear morning still she rose  
 And said her usual prayers,  
 And cheerfully she plodded through  
 Her many household cares.  
 And led the flock her father left,  
 To feed upon the hill;  
 And guided them at sunset,  
 To the bubbling silver rill;  
 And put them safe in fold at night  
 And left the watch dog nigh,  
 That at his honest, angry bark  
 The coward wolf might fly.  
 And trained the woodbines, higher yet,  
 Upon the cottage wall,  
 And pruned the roses where they grew,  
 So sweet, and fresh and tall;  
 And planted flowers and strawberries  
 In her small plot of ground,  
 And painted all the railing green  
 That fenced her garden round:  
 While a little pet lamb followed  
 All her steps where'er she went,  
 And strangers said you scarce could tell  
 Which looked most innocent.  
 And every sabbath when the bell's  
 Sweet chime was on the air,  
 She rested from her work, and kept  
 God's holiday of prayer.  
 And walked along the lone hill side,  
 Through pleasant paths she knew,  
 Where primroses and violets,  
 And lovely hare-bells grew;  
 Across the valley to the church,  
 Where tuneful hymns were sung,  
 And the grave preacher taught the Word,  
 To hearts of old and young.  
 And there, she too sang hymns and prayed;  
 And when the church was o'er,  
 Went home again, with cheerful heart,  
 Across the dreary moor.  
 So little Blanche passed harmlessly.  
 A life of happy hours;  
 And bright and beautiful she grew,  
 Like one of her own flowers!

The adventures that befel the orphans we leave to be gathered in the volume.

#### EDUCATION.

*Punctuation Reduced to a System.*  
 By WILLIAM DAY.

PERHAPS there is nothing about which so much ignorance prevails as punctuation. With most persons, even authors and scholars, it is guided by no rule or principle. Sometimes the eye is consulted, sometimes the ear, sometimes the author leaves it entirely to the taste of the printer, and sometimes it is entrusted entirely to accident. Manifestly this ought not to be. Rules for punctuation there must be if we choose to seek them. It is not an arbitrary process. It is the visible representation of certain pauses required to express the sense of our words;

it intimates the arrangement of sentences, and tells when the voice should rest, that the listener's mind might comprehend the meaning of what has been said before it passes to the next proposition. Mr. DAY has laboured with success to elicit the rules that should regulate this important feature of written discourse, and his little book should be read attentively by all who desire to make their meaning distinctly intelligible when they address themselves to others either with the pen or through the press.

#### RELIGION.

*Sermons Preached in the Parish Church of Old and New Shoreham, Sussex.* By WILLIAM WHEELER, B.D., Vicar. 8vo. pp. 396. Brighton, Folthorp; London, Rivington. 1847.

THESE sermons are eminently practical. They were preached with a view of correcting the errors which seemed to the author to have obtained respecting religious doctrine and practice, and of inculcating at the same time the teachings of the Church of England. They are intended to illustrate the Nature of God, the Church, and the Sacraments; to teach the duties of Obedience, Faith, Charity, Repentance; the Consequences of Unrepented Sin; the Nature of the Warfare in which the Christian is engaged; and the necessity of self-discipline.

As for their style, there is no attempt to be eloquent. The preacher appeals much more to the reason than to the imagination. He sustains throughout the course a continuous chain of argument that insensibly, because quietly, works upon the convictions. His style is plain, but earnest, and may, perhaps, best be described by the epithet *sensible*. It must have been admirably adapted for a congregation. Now that these discourses may be enjoyed by those who had not the pleasure of listening to them, it is to be hoped that the good they effected from the pulpit will prove but a molehill compared with the mountain of that they are destined to achieve in their printed form.

*Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures.* By J. M. McCULLOCH, D.D. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 168. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THE substance of two lectures delivered at the Greenock Mechanics' Institution, on a subject which has the merit of novelty, and yet one that offers abundant material for a writer of taste and ingenuity.

Dr. McCULLOCH's plan is to treat consecutively of the distinctive features of the subject-matter, and of the style, and then of the influence, of the scriptures. He does this under a variety of subdivisions, illustrating their originality, depth, sublimity, spirituality, harmony, simplicity, animation, figurative language, &c. &c. The work has been worthily performed, and the volume will be a very acceptable addition to the Sunday library.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Theatres of Paris.* By CHARLES HERVEY. 1846. Paris: Galignani; London: Mitchell, Old Bond-street.

WE confess to other notions of patriotism than those which consist in admitting no faults in our own, and allowing no excellencies to another, country. We believe that there is no civilized people from whom something might not be learned with advantage, and that by the largest intercourse, personal, political, and literary—by the freest interchange of industry, of opinion, of science—will the advancement of each be most certainly secured.

It is with such views that THE CRITIC has made a re-



cord of the progress of literature abroad a part of its plan, and a prominent feature in its contents. With this purpose it cordially welcomes every kind of information relating to the mental progress, the social pleasures, the art, and the science of our continental neighbours; therefore has it greeted so heartily every attempt to introduce among us the drama of France, the music of Italy, the art of Germany. And it is with such feelings that it gladly brings under the notice of its readers Mr. HERVEY's volume on *The Theatres of Paris*.

There is a novelty in the subject which of itself is attractive. Even those who have frequently visited the metropolis of France, and paid due honour to its theatres, know nothing of their history "behind the scenes." This Mr. HERVEY has copiously catered in his pleasant, *gossipy* book, which will take its place by the side of the goodly range of theatrical *Ana* with which the libraries are so richly furnished from the English stage.

As a book for present reading it is delightful—a thorough book-club book—abounding in anecdotes of persons, and reminiscences of places, and that sort of chit-chat which everybody desires to hear about personages whom he is accustomed to see in public, or with whose names he has been familiarized by newspapers, literary journals, and books. The only complaint to be preferred against Mr. HERVEY is, that he has fallen a little too much into the fault of book-making. He has descended to small matters and small persons for whom few readers are likely to care, because their very names are unknown, save to some of the most pertinacious playgoers in Paris. From a second edition let him expunge these illustrious obscure, and the remainder will form a volume unsurpassed in interest by any of its class.

Mr. HERVEY opens with an account of

#### THE ACADEMIE ROYALE.

The Académie Royale is the largest theatre in Paris, and contains 1937 places. The stage is forty-two feet wide by eighty-two deep, and is of itself equal in size to most of the other theatres, measured from the back of the stage to the centre boxes. This is clearly seen at the masked balls, on which occasions the horizontal side-scenes are removed, and the stage is surrounded by a *salon*, the decorations of which correspond with those of the boxes. The *coulisses* of the opera have been compared to a skein of thread tangled by the paws of a kitten, from the number of staircases and corridors which cross each other in all directions like a labyrinth. Previous to the revolution of July, the four *coulisses* on the right and left of the stage were guarded by sentinels of the royal guard; and six lacqueys in the livery of Charles X. stood at the entrance of the different passages, while *huissiers*, dressed in black, were continually gliding to and fro, giving and receiving orders. Now the sentinels and lacqueys have disappeared, and only one solitary *municipal* remains to guard the whole interior of the opera, whose business it is to see that, as soon as the curtain has finally dropped for the night, the firemen pass enormous sponges filled with water over the scenery which has been used that evening; and also that the iron curtain is duly placed in front of the stage, so that, in case of fire breaking out behind the scenes, it may be prevented from spreading over the house. Before the Three Days of 1830, few strangers were admitted into the *coulisses* of the opera; and even now the number is limited to a certain number of *habitués*, including the *corps diplomatique*, who are entitled by special privilege to an *entrée*, and some influential *journalistes*. The favourite place of rendezvous is the *foyer de la danse*, a large room adjoining the ancient Hôtel Choiseul, badly lit, and furnished with a semi-circular bench for the accommodation of the *danseuses*: the floor is sloping, and at certain distances iron rods are fixed in the wall, upon which the fair votaries of Terpsichore rest one foot while standing on the other, in order to render their limbs pliant and supple. This they call *se dérouiller*. A marble bust of La Guimard, on a pedestal of painted wood, is the chief ornament of the room. About an hour before the commencement of the

ballet, the preparatory exercises in the *foyer* begin; and in another half hour most of the leading *danseuses* are assembled there, employing the short time that remains previous to the rising of the curtain in practising their steps and *entrechats*. Fanny Elssler and her sister seldom used to enter the *foyer*, having had constructed in their apartment, in Rue Laffite, a miniature *théâtre de dans*, with sloping floor and other accessories, where they could study with equal facility, and be secure from all interruption. *Apropos* of Fanny Elssler, the author of *Les Mystères du Grand Opéra* relates the following anecdote:—One evening, Burat de Gurgy, author of *Le Diable Boiteux*, entered her *loge*, which was guarded as usual on the outside by two tall footmen, and entirely devoid of ornament within, not being even carpeted. "My dear M. Burat," said Fanny, "I am in a terrible rage. I have my *pas* to dance, and the *corps de ballet* have stolen my chalk." "What, you think . . . ." "No doubt of it. I have asked everybody for some, Nathalie Fitzjames, Noblet, and her sister, and they say they have none. It is a conspiracy, you see, to hinder me from dancing. So now, M. Burat, you will get me some chalk, will you not?" "But, my dear lady, I don't know where to go for it." "Make haste," replied the *danseuse*, "I will pay whatever you like for it. You have a quarter of an hour before the curtain rises. I shall expect you." It was then eleven o'clock, and all the shops were shut: M. Burat de Gurgy was highly embarrassed what to do. However, at last he returned, bringing twenty little bits of chalk, but looking anything rather than cheerful. "Ah," cried Fanny Elssler, "what do I owe you for it?" "Ten *petits verres*," was the answer. "I have been obliged to go to ten *cafés* to steal the chalk from the billiard tables." The fatigue and torture undergone by young *danseuses*, even at the early ages of seven and eight, is extremely severe. Their little feet are first placed in a box with grooves, heel against heel, with the knees turned outwards. This is called *se tourner*. Then comes *se casser*; which consists in placing the right foot on a bar which is held with the left hand, and *vice versa*. These and manifold other different ways of drilling must be persevered in with the most regular assiduity, one week's repose being sufficient to entail on the unfortunate beginner at least two months' double labour.

Here, too, we have an amusing account of the systematic manner in which the French theatres formerly established their

#### CORPS OF CLAUQUEURS.

The *chef de claque* is a most important member of the *personnel* of the Académie Royale: the late *chef*, M. Auguste Levasseur, who died very recently, had a house in town, and one in the country, and his income nearly equalled that of a marshal of France. He was in the habit of receiving a monthly sum as a reward for his services from almost every artist of the theatre; those whose small salary would not admit of their paying him in money, gave him the free admissions to which they were entitled. He had two lieutenants, under whom were four sub-lieutenants. Each of these six leaders had a brigade of ten men under his own immediate command, forming a total of sixty individuals. These were divided into three classes, the first comprising those who were paid for their services, the second those who officiated gratis, and the third those who paid in part their admission to the theatre. The first brigade received 1 franc 25 centimes (about 1s. 0½d.) a-night; the second, which was generally composed of young apprentices, only too glad to see the piece for nothing, owed their *entrée* to the patronage of some one of the sub-lieutenants, whom they treated in their turn to a *petit verre* or a cigar. The third class obtained admission by paying M. Auguste two francs for their ticket, instead of the usual pit price, which is four francs. The signal of applause was a slight knock of the *chef's* cane on the floor, and the general rendezvous of the whole band, where they were instructed as to the degree of enthusiasm with which any particular artist or *morceau* was to be welcomed, was a wine-shop in the Rue Favart. It is time that this intolerable nuisance should be banished from the theatres, and yet no manager dares to set the example. The public, say they, have been so long accustomed to applaud by proxy, that they have become cold and indifferent, and seldom manifest any feeling of approbation lest they themselves should be considered in

league with *la clique*. The listless apathy of the frequenters of the Italian Opera, where it requires all the passion and energy of a Grisi or a Ronconi to call forth the least spark of enthusiasm, is cited as a proof of the absolute necessity of a *clique*; and no manager, however strongly he may advocate in private the exclusion of the *chevaliers du lustre*, as they are termed,\* is willing to strike the first blow.† "Let others begin, and I will follow," is the only answer given to the repeated remonstrances of the press and the public: and as no one does begin, the abuse remains, and is likely to remain unchecked until the government think proper to abolish it.‡

Another once important band of *attachés* to the theatre were

#### THE MARCHEUSES.

Besides the *rats* and the *figurantes*, there yet remains in the company a single specimen of the almost extinct genus of *marcheuses*, formerly of great service to the management in swelling out processions, &c. These are, or rather were, for their day is now gone by, tall handsome girls, whose business it was to walk in the rear of the *corps de ballet*, and look as pretty as possible. Napoleon, on his return from one of his campaigns, is said to have visited the opera one evening, and to have been so disgusted with the ugliness of the *marcheuses*, as to order the manager to get a fresh supply for the following evening, which was done. "The *rats*," says Jacques Arago, in his *Physiologie des Foyers et des Coulisses*, "are remarkable for their love of lotteries; scarcely a week passes without a new one being made up, the prizes consisting of opera-glasses, pet cats and parrots, bracelets and necklaces, not to mention a stray scarf or shawl which has been worn by some fair *coryphée*, and is therefore doubly precious in the eyes of the *habitués*." Among the prettiest *rats* and *figurantes* are Mdles. Dabas, Courtois, Mathilde Marquet, Franck, Josset, and Laurent: two stage boxes on the fifth tier, commonly called *les fours*, are reserved for the special accommodation of these young ladies and their comrades, when not engaged *en scène*. Cellarius, the celebrated professor of *la polka*, was a *figurant* at the Académie Royale. When he established a *cours de danse* in the Rue Neuve-Vivienne, he fixed the price of the tickets at five and ten francs. Those of his male pupils who paid ten francs enjoyed the privilege of waltzing with the ladies (which portion of the assembly was usually composed of *demoiselles de l'Opéra*), whereas those who took five franc tickets might indeed talk to the ladies, but were allowed no other partner than a chair.

As a specimen of Mr. HERVEY's critical judgment take his sketch of

#### RACHEL.

She does not come on the stage to recite a lesson; but to speak as the spirit prompts her; she does not act, she feels; with her adoption of the Roman or Grecian dress, she adopts the Roman or Grecian character; she is no longer Rachel, but *Camille* or *Hermione*. This is the great secret of her influence over the masses; she stands before them, but is not of them; they have neither time nor inclination to criticise her dress, her manner, or her look; they are spell-bound by the reality with which she invests each of her personations. She has a power, unknown to other actresses, of rivetting the attention of her audience, and this power consists in her entire ignorance of, and contempt for, the conventional traditions of the stage. She imitates no one, not even herself; but keeps perpetually alive the curiosity and interest of the spectator by some new reading of a passage, some peculiar look or gesture, suggested by the inspiration of the moment, and forgotten by her as soon as that moment is past. The very *claqueurs*

\* From their position in the pit, immediately under the *lustre*, or chandelier.

† This nuisance would soon be done away with if all *claqueurs* resembled a certain conscientious individual, who is recorded, during the performance of an indifferent piece, to have clapped his hands most vigorously, at the same time shouting as loud as he could, "Trash, shocking trash." On being asked the reason of this apparent inconsistency, he replied, "My hands are paid to applaud, and they do so; but I am a *connoisseur*, and while I clap I cannot help saying what I think."

‡ In the smaller theatres, the *châtaillieur* (or tickler) is almost as useful an auxiliary as the *chef de clique*: it is his business to laugh at all the jokes, especially the bad ones, in the different pieces; and to utter sundry exclamations of delight at short intervals, with the view of exciting a similar manifestation of satisfaction on the part of the audience.

themselves are puzzled; they know not when to applaud, or when to be silent. While reserving their hired enthusiasm until some cabalistic word, the preconcerted signal for its explosion, shall have been pronounced, they are confounded by the legitimate bravos of the audience, who are impelled, by some magical and wholly unexpected effect of her acting, to applaud for themselves.

His account of

#### MDLE. FUOCO.

This very clever *danseuse* is, we believe, a native of Milan, and first appeared at the Opera, July 10, 1846, as *Betty* in the new ballet of that name. The chief peculiarity of her dancing is the astonishing steadiness and *aplomb* with which she walks, bounds, and pirouettes on tiptoe in the lightest and most agile manner, the sole of her foot rarely touching the ground. In pantomime she has yet much to learn; but on the whole we have seldom seen so promising a *débutante*.

At the *Opéra Comique* we are introduced to

#### MADAME GONTIER.

Mdme. Gontier, a celebrated actress and singer towards the end of the last century, was remarkable for her strict observance of all religious duties. This she carried so far, that one evening, previous to the first representation of a new opera, she was seen to cross herself, and heard to say in a low tone with great emotion: "*Mon Dieu, faites-moi la grâce de bien savoir mon rôle*." During one of the performances of *Les deux Chasseurs et la Laitière*, a terrible storm came on, and the actor who personated the bear was so alarmed by a loud clap of thunder which shook the house just after he had made his *entrée*, that, forgetting his singular costume, he got up on his hind legs, crossed himself with his fore paws, and went on with his part amid the laughter of the audience.

At the *Théâtre Française* to

#### LEONTINE FAY.

Léontine Fay was not only a clever, but a witty child. Previous to her arrival in Paris, and during one of her engagements in a provincial town, she was accosted one day, while walking with her father, by one of her great admirers, who said to her, "Mademoiselle, you have made me shed tears; you play *Paul et Virginie* to-morrow, so I will bring two pocket handkerchiefs with me to the theatre." "Sir," replied the *petite merveille*, then only nine years old, "I recommend you to bring three the day after to-morrow, for mamma plays *Camille*." Subsequently, being addressed by one of the confraternity of Paris *journalistes* with a familiar "Good day, my little puss," she answered quickly, "I am not a *journaliste*, sir, I scratch nobody."

The *Italian Opera* is rich in illustration, biography, and anecdote. Among the most prominent are

#### PERSIANI.

This charming songstress, daughter of the celebrated tenor, Tacchinardi, and wife of Persiani, the composer of *Inez di Castro* and *Il Fantasma*, was born at Rome, October 4, 1812. Her father was averse to her adopting the stage as a profession, although, when she was only eleven years old, a sonnet was addressed to her by the illustrious *cantatrice*, Mombelli, whom she had moved to tears by her singing. Subsequently the Grand Duke of Tuscany, wishing to satisfy himself as to the real merits of the young vocalist, invited her to sing at several concerts given by him during Lent, on each of which occasions she was greatly applauded. In 1830 she married Persiani; and two years later an event occurred which materially influenced her future career. The opera of *Francesca di Rimini* was on the point of being produced at Leghorn, and in it two eminent female singers were to appear. On the day of rehearsal, one only answered the call; manager and composer were in despair, for where on so short a notice could they hope to find a substitute for the other? At last it was suggested that Mdme. Persiani, who was then residing with her family at a villa near Leghorn, might perhaps be induced to aid them in this dilemma, and a messenger was forthwith despatched to her, stating the circumstances, and imploring her to take a part in the opera. After some hesitation, she, with her father's

and husband's consent, agreed to sing; and thus, with scarcely any preparation and quite unexpectedly, made her first appearance on the stage. Her success was so decisive, that she had no further excuse for abandoning a career so auspiciously begun; and a few days after her *début* signed an engagement for Padua. From thence she went to Venice, where M<sup>me</sup>. Pasta was then singing, and soon became the idol of the Venetians, who unanimously christened her *little Pasta*.

## GRISI,

After receiving some instruction from one of her uncles, a clever professor, made her first appearance on any stage at Bologna, in 1828, at the age of sixteen. In the same year, besides singing in an opera expressly composed for her by Milliti, she played *Giulietta* in *I Capuletti* at Florence, and afterwards appeared successively at Pisa and at Milan, where she created *Adalgisa* in *Norma*. In 1832 she left Venice for Paris, where she was engaged to replace M<sup>me</sup>. Malibran at the Salle Favart; and though she had to contend against the *souvenir* of her predecessor, her youth, beauty, and talent made a most favourable impression on her audience, and she speedily became popular.

## MDLLE. DÉJAZET.

M<sup>lle</sup>. Déjazet is not only one of the most distinguished actresses, but also one of the wittiest women of her day; were all her clever sayings collected together, they would form a volume far exceeding in bulk the famous "Arnouldiana," in which are chronicled the liveliest sallies and repartees of the no less celebrated Sophie. We have but little space for quotation; nevertheless, a few specimens of our heroine's table-talk, selected from different publications, may possibly amuse the reader. On its being once remarked in her presence that she always appeared gay and in good spirits, she replied, "It is because I have sense enough to be only sad at home." A bookseller tried to persuade her to write her memoirs, saying that it would make the fortunes of both. She, however, declined complying with his request. "What can be your motive?" he asked her repeatedly. "Do you dislike the trouble? if so, I will write for you." "Sir," answered she, "rightly or wrongly, I have the reputation of being clever; would you have me lose it?" Speaking of Italian singing, she observed that "the embroidery was worth more than the material." A would-be prude remarked one day in her hearing, "I am very particular about my reputation." "You are always particular about trifles," replied Déjazet. We repeat, a collection of her *bons mots* would fill a volume; and what better title could be devised for such a work than "Déjazetiana?"

## CHAPELLE

Is short and stout, with eyes which were continually opening and shutting, thick black eyebrows, a mouth always half open, and a pair of legs resembling in shape the feet of an elephant. His credulity was proverbial, and his comrades were not slow in taking advantage of it. He was told one day that diligences were in future to be made of India rubber, in order that they might be able to take up all the passengers they met on the road, however numerous they might be. The gravity with which Chapelle listened to this fact induced Laporte, the last of the *Harlequins*,\* to tell him in confidence that the Pope, accompanied by his wife and family, was about to enter Paris on a certain day. Off ran Chapelle to the barrier by which the holy father was said to be expected, and amused every one by asking, with great apparent interest, at what o'clock the Pope and his lady were likely to arrive. Seveste, the father of the present managers of the Banlieu theatres, and himself an excellent actor, took especial delight in mystifying poor Chapelle; and one day, on his return from fulfilling an engagement at Rouen, told the unfortunate dupe that during his stay in that town he had succeeded in taming a carp so perfectly, that it used to follow him about like a dog; adding, that he was much grieved at having lost it. "How did that happen?" said Chapelle, greatly interested. "Why," replied Seveste, "one evening I took it to my dressing-room at

the theatre; as I was going home after the performance a terrible storm came on, and my poor carp, in trying to jump across a gutter, fell in and was drowned." "How very unlucky!" cried Chapelle: "I always thought a carp could swim like a fish!" As he grew older, however, Chapelle, weary of being continually hoaxed, made up his mind to believe nothing, and carried his scepticism so far as to reply to a friend's anxious inquiries after his health, "Ask somebody else that question, my fine fellow; you can't take me in now."

## There is an interesting anecdote of

## THE FIRST NIGHT OF ROBERT MACAIRE.

After continuing his dramatic apprenticeship at the Odéon, where he was still condemned to play the confidants, though in tragedy instead of in spectacle, Frédéric offered his services to the manager of the Ambigu, who had just accepted *L'Auberge des Adrets*, a melodrama which appeared to him (and was in reality) sufficiently commonplace to admit of the principal character being entrusted to a *debutant*. He did not, therefore, scruple to admit the young actor into his company, and gave him the part of *Redmont* to study. The eventful night came, and the two first acts of the piece having gone off very heavily, *L'Auberge des Adrets* was generally regarded as a failure; Frédéric, however, suddenly hit upon the ingenious idea of making *Redmont* a comic, instead of a melodramatic rascal, and began to introduce all kinds of drolleries into his part, which, backed by the equally laughable acting of Serres, put the audience into an ecstasy of delight, and decided the triumphant success of piece and performer. One of the authors had sent his *bonne* to see the first representation, and was waiting anxiously for her return in order to know the result, when, to his surprise, she came back, hardly able to speak for laughing. "Ah, Sir," she exclaimed, as soon as she had recovered her breath, "What an excellent piece! How funny it is! I am sure I never laughed so much in all my life!" "What!" cried the amazed and indignant author, "laugh at my *melodrama*! This comes of entrusting the leading character to an actor *sans conscience*!" However, on going himself to see the piece, he laughed like the rest, and following the example of his *collaborateur*, pocketed his author's dues with great good humour.

## We conclude with some curious particulars of

## THE PARIS THEATRES.

The number of theatres in the different departments of France, amounts to no less than three hundred and twenty, not including two in Algiers; only twenty-eight towns, however, have permanent *troupes*, the most important of the others being visited each in turn by what are called *troupes d'arrondissements*, and the smaller ones by strolling companies. In London, Berlin, Vienna, and, indeed, in almost every city in Europe, a French theatre has been established; nay, more, the *drame* and the *vaudeville*, especially the latter, are now as popular in Rio Janeiro, the Havannah, and Batavia, as they are in Paris. . . . . In the olden time, the question of the *droits d'auteur* was easily settled; the author receiving at one payment the price agreed on for his manuscript, which from that moment became the property of the management. In 1653 the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, who had promised Tristan l'Ermite a hundred crowns for a comedy called *les Rivaux*, refused to give more than fifty when they found that the piece was written by Quinault; the latter, however, eventually succeeded in obtaining one-ninth of the receipts on each performance of his comedy. Such was, indeed, the origin of what are now called *droits d'auteur*, though the means at present adopted of touching the same are not quite so simple. According to the statutes of the Dramatic Authors' Association, first established March 7, 1829, and remodelled December 9, 1837, the *droits* of each member of the association are collected, as well in Paris as in the provinces, by two special agents, who pay themselves for their trouble by deducting two per cent. in Paris, and fifteen per cent. in the provinces, from the sums received by them. The income arising from these dues, which are payable not only during the lifetime of an author, but for twenty years after his death, is still further increased by the profits derived from the sale of the tickets of admission to which he is entitled on each per-

\* Laporte, the father of the well-known manager of the Italian Opera in London, was for thirty-six years a member of the Vaudeville company. He was deeply enamoured of the actress who played *Columbine* to his *Harlequin*, and said to one of his friends, that were he to perform without a mask, his eyes would be seen to fill with tears, and his whole face to tremble when she was on the stage.



formance of his pieces.\* The following is the amount of *droits* paid to authors by the different Parisian theatres: at the Académie Royale, an opera in five acts is paid for at the rate of 500 francs for each of the forty representations, and of 200 francs for every subsequent performance. The *droits* for short operas and ballets have been already named in our notice of that theatre. The Théâtre Français gives one-twelfth of the gross receipts for pieces in four and five acts; an eighteenth for those in three acts, and a twenty-fourth for those in one or two acts. The dues paid by the Opéra Comique vary from one-sixth to one-eighth-and-a-half of the receipts. At the Odéon, Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase, and Palais Royale, authors receive twelve per cent. deducted from the gross receipts. At the Porte Saint Martin, Ambigu, and Gaité, ten per cent. The Cirque Olympique gives forty francs a-night for important pieces, thirty-six francs a-night for pieces in three acts during the first twenty-five representations, and twenty-four francs afterwards; eighteen francs for pieces in two acts, and thirteen francs for those in one act. At the Délassements Comiques, thirty-five francs are paid for three pieces, forty for four, forty-five for five, and fifty-four for six. The Théâtre Beaumarchais gives twelve francs for important pieces, eight francs for those in two acts, and five francs for those in one act.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Carolina Sports, by Land and Water; including Incidents of Devil-Fishing, &c.* By the Hon. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, of Beaufort, S.C. Charleston: Burges and James. 1846. 12mo. pp. 172.†

IN returning through South Carolina, a few years since, from a long journey in the Southern States, after some adventures by flood and field that might make a book, if we were disposed to write travels, our early associations and happy recollections of college life were suddenly roused by the appearance of the author of the book before us on the opposite side of the dinner-table at a hotel. Although five-and-twenty years had passed away, since we looked up to him as one of an advanced class at Cambridge, distinguished by his rank as a scholar, and equally so by his readiness at all manly exercises, his fresh and vigorous appearance brought to memory the remark of John Randolph, of Roanoke, when, late in life, he revisited the scenes of his collegiate course. He said that everything appeared to him much as it used to do, except that two elm-trees on the college green seemed not quite so large as he remembered them to have been when he was a boy. We are not sure that Mr. Elliott looked quite as old as he appeared formerly to us, when at Cambridge. He was too far our senior for personal acquaintance in those days. But that was not necessary to fix a lasting impression of him. A very learned person lately remarked, that the wisdom of man had never appeared so imposing to him as it did in the class that was senior when he entered college; and many people like ourselves could probably, from their own experience, apply a similar remark to all human greatness and glory. Reminiscences of this nature, to be sure, are by no means reciprocal in character. When looking back on those who have followed in our rear, the exclamation most natural is that of wonder that the unformed freshman should ever have grown up to wear the grizzled head and furrows of advancing years.

However, be all that as it may, we were highly pleased at the incident; and knowing that we must be mutually acquainted with many estimable and accomplished people, we resolved not to part without claiming recognition. The advance was cordially met: and among a deal of agreeable talk that followed, Mr. Elliott gave an

interesting account of an adventure in which he had shortly before been engaged, having taken the lead in an encounter with a sea-monster that had been supposed to be almost fabulous, and one quite as deserving of wonder as a sea-serpent would be, if we were sure that there were more like him in the ocean. We opened this book with eagerness, in hopes of finding the same story in it. It is related at length; and the reader shall have it in the author's own words, though we may be obliged to curtail the language a little to leave room for some other extracts. It seems that Mr. Elliott has amused himself by furnishing from his experience as a sportsman descriptions of this sort for newspapers and magazines, and the articles from his pen have been brought together for publication in the present form. A part of the first one will serve as an introduction. He writes under the name of Piscator.

I am an hereditary sportsman, and inherit the tastes of my grandfather, as well as his lands. Whoever has seen the beautiful bay on which they are seated (known on the map as Port Royal Sound) with its transparent waters stocked with a variety of sea-fish, while the islands that gird it in abound in deer and other game, will confess that it is a position well calculated to draw out sporting propensities.

There is a fish, which annually visits this bay from May till August,—described by Linneus as of the genus Ray, species Diodon. It is called by Dr. Mitchell (not without reason, from the bat-like structure of its flaps or wings) “the Vampire of the Ocean.” It is known with us as the “Devil-fish.” Its structure indicates great muscular power. It has long, angular wings, and a capacious mouth; but the greatest singularity of its formation consists in its arms (or horns, as they are called), which extend on each side of the mouth, and serve as feeders. Its size, with us, is from fourteen to twenty-five feet, measured across the back transversely. Its longitudinal measurement is less. Valliant describes this fish as reaching the size of fifty feet on the coast of Africa; but Valliant was a *traveller*! I am a sportsman merely, and claim no charter to exceed the truth. I must own, then, that the largest I have seen and measured was but eighteen feet across the back, from three to four feet thick as it lay on the ground, had horns, or feeders, three feet in length, curiously articulated at the ends so as to resemble the fingers of the human hand when clenched, and enjoyed an amplitude of mouth sufficient to admit of its receiving two aldermen abreast, had it relished such a quintessence of turtle.

It is the habit of this fish to ply these arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once inclosed. In this way, the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and overset, by the Devil-fish having laid hold of the grapnel. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uprear, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his landmarks my grandfather determined to resent.

How he had his revenge we shall not stop to tell, because that, it seems, is matter only of tradition; and we pass to the account of what the author did himself. Modern sportsmen, far from attacking, had been, it seems, “content to be let alone by the Devil-fish.”

It was during the month of August, 1837, that, attended by my children, and by several friends, whose inducements were change of air and the benefit of sea-bathing, I made an excursion to Bay Point, a small summer settlement, situated at the north-eastern outlet of Port Royal Sound. There, for the first time, I witnessed the sporting of these sea-monsters on the surface, and conceived the idea of taking them with the harpoon.

In crossing from Bay Point to Hilton Head, on a visit, I saw eight Devil-fish, one directly in the track of my boat as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings

\* An author has a right to withdraw his piece from one theatre and to give it to another, provided that a year and a day shall have elapsed since it was last performed.

† This notice of a recent American work of great interest is extracted from the *North American Review*.

a foot above the surface and kept them steadily erect, as if to act for sails. I liked not the *cradle* thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand.

The Devil-fish (in numbers thus unusual) had doubtless run into the inlet to escape the gales; for, from repeated observations, I am persuaded that fish are provided with an instinct, by which they are forewarned of convulsions in their proper element.

The sight of these fish disturbed my rest, and I felt uncomfortable, until I found myself planning an attack, and providing myself with the needful apparatus. A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular *whaler*), was turned out from the work-shop. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the fore-castle. An eight-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted and new thole-pinnied; and a cleat nailed firmly on the fore-castle to support the right foot of the harpooner. A day was fixed, and friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action; but the weather was unpropitious, and but two boats appeared.

At six o'clock, on the 16th of August, we started from Bay Point on our cruise for Devil-fish. In my boat, manned by six oarsmen and a steersman, I was accompanied by my son, a youth under eighteen. In the second boat were G. P. E. and W. C. Esqrs. with a crew of four men. The armament of the larger consisted, besides the harpoon, of a lance, hatchet, and rifle; that of the smaller boat was two bayonets fixed in long staves (the line for a second harpoon having been swept away by the tide). We stretched away before a fresh northeaster, for the Bay gall on Hilton Head, and then struck sail and made all snug for action.

We rowed slowly along between the Bay gall breaker and the shore, on the early ebb, expecting to meet the Devil-fish on their return from Skull Creek, the scene of their high-water gambols. The smaller boat, with outspread sails, stretched off and on, traversing the same region, but on different lines. No fish were seen. The ebb was half spent, and we began to despair. I landed on the beach at Hilton Head, yet kept the boat afloat and two hands on the look-out. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, "There!" cried our look-out man. I followed the direction of his hand,—it pointed to Skull Creek channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it,—it was a Devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their post,—the oarsmen spring to their oars,—the red flag is raised to signal our consort,—and we went roaring on in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface.

The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the fore-castle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarce breathed while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and brief. "There he is behind us!" Our oarsmen backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking around us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow,—his wing only is visible,—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. The staff came bounding up from below, to shew me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and shewed himself at the stern, belly up. We dashed at him wherever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. "Forward!" the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not

resist,—I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our consort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second, before it disappeared beneath the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when, lo! the line stopped short! "Is it possible? I have him,—the Devil-fish is struck!" Out flies the line from the bow,—a joyful shout bursts from our crew,—our consort is lashed to our stern.—E. and C. spring aboard,—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank,—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like,—reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. We drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him. I found *that* was no fun. Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness as we moved along under this novel, and yet *unpatented*, impelling power!

A lance is plunged into him, but it is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron is found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff broken in the socket.

He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; a bayonet is plunged into his body; another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye,—the blade remaining buried in his body. A second is driven in, and that is snapped off in the blade. At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. The tide was now flood,—the wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigour from the ocean water. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The Devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. "Force him, then, to the surface." He popt up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and, bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform,—quite *hors de combat*. Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat; the fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope,—he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches; but it is the *eastern face* of the island that now presents itself. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and *this* is done against wind, tide, and oar! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds, and show itself in our faces; our means of assailing so powerful an antagonist were too inadequate; nothing remained but to bowse on him once more, and endeavour to despatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and, after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion,—and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared sticking out from the *belly* of the fish; the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings,—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature. After a moment's pause, to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass.

The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn round the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea,—and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon

ture out; An instant before, I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish; the next, it was held up in air, in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost! I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only, a faint hope revived; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body,—it might hold him! "Clear my line, boys!" Alas! the weight of the fish is too much for my tackle,—the line flies through my hand,—is checked,—the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice by which it entered,—and *the fish is gone!* We spoke not a word, but set our sails, and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea, yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

Yet, keenly as we felt our disappointment, there is not one of us who would willingly have been *elsewhere*,—and the pleasurable excitement of our three hours' run will be remembered to the end of our lives.

The account is closed with a threat of another attempt, which was soon carried into execution. On the day appointed, "three boats appeared at the rendezvous at Bay Point, fully equipped for the sport, and commenced a cruise full of exciting incident and eminently successful." The whole was planned and conducted under the auspices of Mr. Elliott; but the description of the sport, in which he is spoken of as Piscator, was written by another of the party.

We were now moving leisurely along the Hilton Head shore, looking out for our foe in one of his old haunts, about a large trunk, which rose, with age and barnacles, some ten or fifteen feet above water. Not a sign of him was discovered. We looked in the direction of Skull Creek, but he was obviously not there, for the surface was as quiet as if he had never ruffled it. A glance towards the sea at our backs gave us as little satisfaction. In the mean time, it was evident, from the water-marks on our left, that the flood was far advanced, and that the bank would soon be too deep to reach him, if he came fishing upon it. Impatience was visible in every countenance.

"The day is fine enough," said P.; "they ought to be hereabouts, for the boys saw them only yesterday."

"I have my doubts," said another, "as to every thing the rogues tell us, especially if a Devil-fish is in the matter. You know their superstition."

"Ah! gentlemen," exclaimed a third, rising from his seat, and gaping with *ennui*, "this comes of taking things too late; you should have followed my advice, and have come out earlier. As it is, I see we shall have no sport."

"Look on your right!" shouted a voice from the other boat.

"The whole party were in an instant on their feet. There they were, to be sure. One, two, three; only a few hundred yards from us, rioting and tumbling fantastically over each other's wakes."

"Where is the harpoon?"—"the rifle!"—"the rifle!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Gentlemen, do be quiet," said P. as he leaped on the fore-castle, catching up, at the same time, the harpoon, which lay on a coil of rope ready for use. "I have seen some of this service before; pray go aft, and let me have a clear swing."

A few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the playground of the Devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. No part of their bodies was, however, to be seen; nothing but their broad, dingy flaps, their coppered edges glancing to the sun, as they rose and sunk in graceful parabolas through the turbid brine. All besides was dark; it was not possible to know where to strike. Their motions, too, were so rapid and disorderly, and withal transiently perceptible, that it required our utmost efforts to shift our boat into available positions. But our *facile princeps*—the master-spirit of fishermen—was at the bow. An opportunity at last offered, and away went the harpoon, and, in a twinkling, the smallest fish disappeared; he had felt the touch of its keen edge, and instantly took flight. Another followed his example, leaving

the bank in possession of one, who now seemed concerned only to shew how swiftly and nimbly he could acquit himself. Instead of emerging, as before, at intervals of a few yards, he took reaches of twenty or thirty at a time—not one of them on the same line with another—gyrating, as he went, into the most fantastic attitudes. At last, the surface was all quiet; every one held his breath. A heavy whirl appeared at the head of the boat—what did it mean? But Piscator knew, and the harpoon once more took flight, and, descending five or six feet into the water, stood quivering there for a moment, and then vanished, with the velocity of light.

"*Habet!*" shouted a sort of linguist (who was always boring us with his scrap Latin, to make amends, it was supposed, for his bad English), as he grasped the line, and huzzaed, until the shore resounded with the music of his lungs. And it was but too true. The Devil-fish, after his other frolics, had vaulted entirely on his back, and came floating on the tide stomach upwards; his white form reflected along the surface for several yards. A mark so palpable could hardly escape the stroke of our weapon; it entered his abdomen about the middle, and cut its way right down nearly three feet into his vitals. The line was clear for him to the extent of thirty fathoms; but, after running fifteen or twenty, he went plumb to the bottom, defying every effort at removal. At length he gave way, and, after much tugging, rose loggishly to the top—but daylight inspired him with new strength, and he bounded off again at the height of his speed. Our man of particles was now in a sore dilemma. This "learned Theban" had been rude enough to throw the line so carelessly about his feet, that there was every prospect of his being speedily caught in its flying tangles, and ducked soundly for his pains. What was he to do? A leap or two heavenward shewed that would not answer; so, clearing the fore-castle at a bound, he lit in the body of the boat, with no other harm done than some commotion among the rigging, a cry of wonderment from the oarsmen, and sundry ejaculations of thanksgiving to Providence from himself. The line now slackened, and the Devil-fish was obviously giving out. He yielded freely to the hand, and, as the last scene in the drama approached, the boats gathered around to witness his expiring struggles. The line swayed, and up he rose, his huge goggles peering out upon us, while his antennæ dangled heavily about, in token of the extremest exhaustion. One more effort at escape followed; but it was too late—the lances were ready, and soon consummated the work of death; after which, we all joined in merry procession towards the shore. We drew the Devil-fish on the sands, and found him, on measurement, to be fifteen feet in width.

This was a memorable day in the history of the Devil-fish. After striking another, which finally escaped, Piscator with his party went at a late hour to the assistance of their consort, then made fast by the harpoon to a third of great power, which had defeated all attempts at capture.

We threw ourselves on the course of the other boat, some forty or fifty yards ahead.

"Where is the Devil-fish?" shouted P.

A sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the Devil-fish, shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him; but, with all his skill, P. could not reach his body. Stroke after stroke failed. The rocking of the boat, and the exhaustion of the oarsmen, under their constant exertions to keep up with him made things still worse. Was he to escape from us after all? "Strike, Sir, for the black side of his wing;" but the advice was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. As before, the Devil-fish now went directly for the bottom; but we were in the channel, and that resource could not avail him. He played about for some time, but we finally succeeded in bringing him up within six feet of us, where we pierced him with our lances until life was gone. But no force could lift him higher. By this time another boat had come from the Point to our aid, which, with the two we had already, it was thought, would be quite sufficient to take our fish ashore. The sails were set, and the oars put out to the number of eighteen; the wind, too, was as fair as could be wished,—still there was no headway. The Devil-fish was, indeed, unmanageable; and but for the force of the wind counteracting the outward tendencies of the tide,



we must have been inevitably swept to sea, or have cut him loose to save ourselves. Darkness, in the mean time, had set in. The night was advancing, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore, alarmed at our situation, set up lights for us, which, owing to their dispersion, did more to confound than guide us. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the Devil-fish, as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface. At nine o'clock, we ran aground upon a shoal, which proved to be Egg Bank. We were now at a stand, and a council was called. It was impossible to get the Devil-fish over the bank, for the tide was not high enough; and the roar of the breakers behind us, added to the rising of the wind, informed us too plainly that we could not safely remain where we were. Perhaps the Devil-fish might be anchored; but no anchor was to be had; no buoy,—not even a barrel, by which he might be designated the next morning. The resource left us was a hard one; but there was no choice,—we must abandon him,—we could do no more. Before taking leave of him, however, we drew him up into three feet water.

"*Jacet ingens littore truncus,  
—et sine nomine corpus.*"

There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water. We cut our harpoons, pushed our boats through a neighbouring swash, and, in a few moments, found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty.

It is not to be inferred, from the concluding passage of the narrative just quoted, that the fish was eight feet in depth,—but merely that, grounding in three feet water, such was his depth, that a portion of his back, equal to eight feet in diameter, was still left above water. I know not that I ever witnessed any thing more strikingly picturesque than the appearance of the Devil-fish just before he stranded. The night was dark,—the sea brilliantly luminous,—the breakers were roaring a short distance from us, and the ground-swell, that at intervals lifted us up, admonished us that we were in shoal water. Looking behind us, we beheld the Devil-fish, which we had in tow, mounted up on the crest of an advancing wave. His wings outspread,—his dark outline distinctly marked, and separated from the surrounding waters by a "starry belt" of phosphoric fire,—he seemed to our excited imaginations like some monster Vampire, hovering above our heads, and threatening to crush us beneath his wings! There was scarcely time for apprehension before he grounded, and that in water sufficiently deep to keep our boats afloat.

To leap into the sea,—to mount his back in triumph, and shout a wild huzza! were impulses that we all felt and obeyed. Our next thought was to secure our retreat to the shore. We were embayed among the flats: the wind was rising,—the tide falling. If we grounded, and were caught in that situation by the next flood, our boats would be beaten to pieces, and we should have but small chance for our lives! The manner of our extrication has been already told.

Dr. DE KAYE says:—

The Sea Devil, or Oceanic Vampire, as it has been not inaptly named, is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me, by a credible eye-witness, as having occurred in the harbour of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbour with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbour with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbour were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and suddenly ceased.

Mr. ELLIOTT adds:—

The same thing happened about fifteen years ago, in one of the inlets on the coast of Georgia. A trading-vessel lay at anchor, and, while her crew were on shore, one of these fish seized the cable and dragged her off, anchor and all, to the consternation of the sailors, who pursued their retreating bark

for some miles in their boat, and regained her, when the Devil-fish had contrived, or seen fit, to disengage himself from his prize.

(To be continued.)

## JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

**PUBLIC COOKING OVENS.**—The following description of public ovens, for the use of the working classes, is derived from a recent Austrian publication:—"Public cooking ovens have been established amongst the Jewish community at Prague for years past; this sect of religionists deserve the credit of everywhere maintaining their own poor. The construction and working of these ovens is the following:—They are common baking ovens, of round or oblong form, as best suits the locality. Their external wall, however, is furnished with a number of mural shelves and niches, the use of which shall be presently explained. They are heated and open to the public at a very early hour, when (at Prague, at least) the working people go to their work. Hither, therefore, they bring their meals, either for breakfast, but most usually dinner or supper, after the work of the day has been performed. The cook receives their dishes, and places on them a label, whose utility is particular, and must be briefly explained. The people bringing their meals for preparation, may have them returned at any reasonable hour; some even wait for them. But suppose a person brings a dish early in the morning, which he does not want but at night, then the cook places on it one of many tin labels at hand, on which all hours of day and night (with their fourth divisions) are inscribed. Thus, a person wanting his meal at a quarter past nine p.m. a label to that effect is placed on the vessel. The charge is from one to four farthings per dish, according to size and trouble required. If the person does not call at the appointed hour, the meals are kept warm in the above shelves.

**DEVONSHIRE.—STATE OF EDUCATION.**—A county conference, chiefly of Congregational Dissenters, has been held, at which E. Divett, Esq. M.P., J. Heathcoat, Esq. M.P., and numerous ministers and others attended. Mr. Dunn, the secretary of the British and Foreign School Society, was present. An excellent spirit prevailed; and it was resolved to form a county organisation for educational purposes, and to raise the sum of 6,000*l.* for promoting the erection of new schools.

**A COMMON MISTAKE.**—A few years ago, when in the first charity-school at Norwood, containing 700 children, the greater part of them fell into ill health, and many died, really from imperfect ventilation of the house, it was believed by the public that the children were dying from want of food, and there was, consequently, a great outcry against the well-meaning man at the head of the establishment, for not feeding the children properly. In truth, he was feeding them better than the other proprietors of schools of the same class around London, but he shared the common ignorance of the subject of ventilation; and having so great a number of children in his establishment, the ill effects became more evident. The children recovered their health when the fault in respect of ventilation was pointed out and remedied.—*Dr. Arnott's Evidence before the Health of Towns Commission.*

**THE SMOKE NUISANCE.**—The Smoke Nuisance is, perhaps, one of the most gratuitous injuries inflicted on the public: for, in the first place, it is altogether unnecessary; and, secondly, it costs the perpetrators of it a good round sum every year to keep it going. Any one who has enjoyed the cloudless skies of continental cities is at once struck with this one pre-eminently disagreeable feature of our English atmosphere. And how can it be otherwise, when nearly one-third of all the coal thrown on our fires is evaporated into the air unconsumed?—*Liverpool Health of Towns Advocate.*

**A REMARKABLE FACT.**—It is certainly a most remarkable thing that the human family has now lived together in communities for 6,000 years at least, and has not yet made its places of abode salubrious. Perhaps there has never yet existed a single city, in any age or country, the inhabitants of which have not experienced some degree of suffering, some amount of sickness, and some diminution of the natural term of life, from the neglect of those precautions which are necessary to render human habitations healthy. Air, water, and light are physical agents which are indispensable to human existence. They are the primary pabulum of life; and being so, they are provided for us by nature in unlimited abundance; we have only to open our hands to receive them, always fresh, always pure, always inexhaustible; and yet there is no city or town so constructed as to admit everywhere free currents of fresh air; there are few houses so constructed as to admit of a proper degree of air and light; and almost universally the contrivances for the supply of water have

hitherto been to the last degree clumsy and inadequate.—*Dr. Southwood Smith's Speech at Exeter.* (Dec. 8, 1846.)

"IF I HAD BUT THAT CASE IN PRISON!"—About three years ago there was an epidemic raging in Glasgow, and there was not a single family, high or low, who escaped attacks from it. But at Glasgow they have an exceedingly well-appointed, well-ventilated prison, and in that prison there was not a single case of epidemic; and in consequence of the over-crowding of the hospitals from the extreme severity of the attacks, which killed some two thousand people, they took forty cases into the prison, and not one of them spread. In fact, there are so many classes of disease so completely within management, that medical men who have the care and custody of those who are in comparatively well-conditioned places are in the habit of saying, in relation to cases in their private practice, "Oh, if I had but that case in prison, I could save it."—*Mr. Chadwick's Speech at Exeter.* (Dec. 8, 1846.)

A HINT TO LANDLORDS.—It appears that the amount of sickness and the risk of death, to which the operatives and their children are liable, may be very greatly reduced by paying better attention to the construction of their dwelling-houses, especially with reference to proper drainage and sewerage, to the receptacles of filth and their due evacuation, to a free circulation of fresh air, and an abundant supply of pure water. It appears further, that if these points are provided for beforehand, on principles of science, which have been tested by experience, such improved accommodation for the inhabitants of this class of dwellings may be obtained, not only without loss to the proprietors, but rather with great advantage to their property.—*Letters of the Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.—Of all the members of society, the labouring man is the most dependent. Health is his only wealth, his capital, his stock in trade. When disease attacks him, the very source of his subsistence is dried up. He must earn his daily bread by daily toil; and, unlike many who occupy a higher position in society, he cannot do his work by deputy, nor postpone the doing of it till his health is re-established. Day by day the expense of sickness is added to the loss of income; and too often he recovers only to find his place occupied by another; and the first hours of convalescence spent in an anxious, and too often, a fruitless, search after employment.—*Dr. Guy's Lecture on the Unhealthiness of Towns.*

MORTALITY OF ENGLISH TOWNS.—"The mortality of England is 1 in 45; that of the Metropolis is 1 in 39; of Birmingham and Leeds, 1 in 37; of Sheffield, 1 in 33; of Bristol, 1 in 32; of Manchester Union, 1 in 30; of Liverpool parish, 1 in 29."

GUANO STREAMS.—"The annual value of the chief constituents of the sewage water, which at present passes into the Thames from the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, is 23,360l.; and of that which flows from all the sewers of London, on the supposition that the fluid they discharge is of equal strength, 433,879l."—*Evidence of Professor Miller. Report of the Select Committee on Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company, p. 41.*

## MUSIC.

### New Publications.

*O, Come now Spring is Smiling.* A Song, by AUSTIN T. TURNER; words by Mrs. TURNER. London: Coventry and Hollier.

THIS is a very pretty little song in F 2-4 measure, graceful and vocal. The melody is sufficiently original, and, from its simplicity, captivates the ear without an effort. As a neat drawing-room ballad, it will be found extremely pleasing.

*The Musical Herald; a Journal of Music and Musical Literature.* Edited by GEORGE HOGARTH, Esq. London: Biggs.

THE first complete volume of this cheap and useful periodical is now before us. Besides a great mass of information on what may be termed the literature of music, it contains no less than 152 pages of vocal and instrumental music, comprising some of the best glees, songs, madrigals, waltzes, quadrilles, selections from overtures, &c. &c. which will be most welcome in every family, and all handsomely bound, and to be bought for less than the cost of three of the *fashionable* songs with which tasteless young ladies are apt to lumber their portfolios. Let them procure instead these sixty

fine works of great masters, and study them. This is music, pleasant to hear, profitable to sing.

## JENNY LIND'S TWO CONTRACTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to the following paragraph in the *Morning Herald* of this day, relating to the arrangements of the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre:—"At Easter Jenny Lind absolutely comes, and what is more, remains throughout the whole of the season, the direful threatenings of Mr. Bunn, to whom she was last year under certain imputed obligations, being either removed by negotiation, or regarded with defiance."

The "imputed obligations" between Madlle. Jenny Lind and myself consist of a formal contract drawn up by M. Meyerbeer (who undertook to produce his opera of *The Camp of Silesia* with her at Drury-lane), and it was executed in the presence of the British minister at Berlin. Madlle. Lind has made a forceful appeal to me to give up this contract, which I have most certainly refused to do. My "direful threatenings" may be "regarded with defiance," but are not at present removed by negotiation, for while I am ready to admit that a negotiation is under consideration, I beg to say the contemptible offer of compensation recently made me has been utterly rejected.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obliged servant,

York Hotel, Brighton, Jan. 21.

A. BUNN.

MR. WILSON.—This popular vocalist has, in the kindest manner, announced his intention of appropriating the receipts of his entertainment, to be given on Tuesday next, at the Music Hall, Store-street, on behalf of the distressed Highlanders. Such a generous purpose is worthy of Mr. Wilson's nationality, and we hope to see the example followed on behalf of the starving Irish. When the inundation of the Loire took place, the concert-rooms, public and private, and theatres of Paris, were all in turn opened for the sufferers; but as yet Mr. Wilson has been the only artist who has come forward in London in the cause of charity.

THE MUSICAL SEASON.—The foreign artists expected to visit London during the present season are Mendelssohn and Spohr, to conduct performances at Exeter Hall; Verdi, to direct his new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre; David, Molique, and Ernst, violinists; Thalberg, Dohler, Meyer (of Russia), Dreyschock, and Mad. Pleyel, pianists; Staudigl, Pischek, Mad. Dingelstadt (Jenny Lutzer), Mdle. Christiani, the violoncellist, Mad. Dorus-Gras, Mdle. Nau, Grisi, Persiani, Steffanoni, Salvi, Mario, Signor and Mad. Ronconi, Marini, Rovere, Tamburini, Coletti, Gardoni, Lablache, &c.

LARLACHE, who has been enjoying the *dolce far niente* at his native city of Naples, has returned to Paris, and appeared a few evenings ago in "Don Pasquale." He was received with extraordinary enthusiasm by the fullest house of the season.

A NEW OPERA BY MM. SCRIBE AND BOISSELOT, under the odd title of "Ne touchez pas à la Reine," is about to be produced at the Opéra Comique.

A YOUTHFUL MUSICAL PRODIGY.—The Paris journals speak of a youthful prodigy just arrived from Vienna at Paris—Alfred Jael, a pianist of thirteen, who is said to be as wonderful as Liszt was at that age.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The *Auberge des Adrès* was to have been played on Monday night, but *La Dame de St. Tropez* was substituted by desire of her Majesty, who attended the St. James's Theatre. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Marchioness of Douro, Miss Dawson, Lord Ducie, Lord A. Paget, and Colonel Seymour. There were also present the Marquis of Douro, the Marquis of Bristol, the French Ambassador and suite, the Russian Ambassador, the Baroness Brunow, and Madlle. Olga de Lechner; the Austrian Ambassador and the Countess Dietrichstein, the Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, the Baroness Rehausen, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Earl St. Germans, Lady Caroline Maxse, Viscount Anson, Countess de Jarnac, Sir Ralph and Lady Howard; Sir John, Lady, and the Misses Burgoyne; Baron Nicolai, M. Canofari, Count Avigdon, Sir H. Webb, M. Kadrofski, &c.

SADLER'S WELLS.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *King and no King* has been brought out here with great and deserved success. The play itself is probably not unknown to our readers. It is not one of the best of the dual authors' productions; the plot, based on the notion of incest, shocks the moral sense, and

there is an unusual quantity of rant, especially in the part of *Arbaeus*. But, combined with these, are power and poetry, which recommend it to the admirers of true fervid genius. It has been put upon the stage in the most efficient manner. The appointments are all excellent, and no cost has been spared in the accessories of dress, scenery, and decoration. Mr. PHELPS, as *Arbaeus*, has displayed the admirable qualities which, in our minds, have always marked him as really the greatest actor of his time. It is a singularly judicious performance; with every temptation to rant, he never does so. He is temperate, and yet full of energy and power, and his conception of the character is perfect. He is well supported by Miss LAURA ADDISON, as *Panthea*, who throws much feeling and pathos into the part, and justifies the confident expectations of her abilities, produced by her first appearance. *Captain Bessus*, the braggart, was cleverly sustained by Mr. G. BENNETT. So much cannot be said of the rest. The lovers of the legitimate drama should not fail to visit Sadler's Wells whilst *King and No King* is upon its stage. They will enjoy a great dramatic treat.

Our contemporary, the *Builder*, assures us, that the Adelphi Theatre is to be forthwith re-constructed on an enlarged scale: and private information, not to be gainsaid, apprises us that the movement in promotion of a theatre under Mr. Macready's direction is going on—so well *sineed* (to coin a verb), that, sooner or later, it must gain its point. All these things portend any thing rather than the death of the Drama. Its health, as we have ever held, is another question.

#### THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA. TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Observing in your paper of this day the correspondence between Mr. Bunn and Mrs. Butler calls to mind the following facts:—

In the year 1765 David Garrick was at the head of the Drury-lane company with a salary per night of 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Mr. Yates (the famous *Othello*) and his wife, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Palmer and his wife, 2*l.*; King (the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby), 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Parsons (the famous comedian), 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Cibber, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Mrs. Pritchard, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Clive, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Miss Pope (the first of chambermaids), 13*s.* 4*d.*; Signor Gustinelli (chief singer), 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; and Signor Grimaldi and his wife (chief dancers), 1*l.* All the above persons were of first-rate talent; eating and drinking, indeed all the necessities of life were as expensive in the year 1765 as in the year 1847. Either actors and actresses in those days were under-paid, or the actors and actresses of the present day are over-paid.

Your obedient servant, A. PLAY-GOER.

London, Jan. 14.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—To our mind there are few places better calculated to impart instruction and amusement to all classes than this establishment. The Lectures are delivered on various subjects of interest; the course now in progress, by Doctors RYAN and BACHHOFFNER, are on SCHÖNBEIN'S gun-cotton, and the electric telegraph. A most interesting set of dissolving views are also among the novelties of this place, and they are rendered more pleasing by being accompanied by the orchestra of the establishment; the airs are admirably arranged by Doctor WALLIS, M.D. conductor to the institution, many of them being original compositions by this gentleman.

#### JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*The Phrenological Journal, and Magazine of Moral Science.* No. XC. Malachlan and Co.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this, the only periodical in Great Britain dedicated to the advancement of the Science of Mind, is occupied with a singularly able and interesting essay on *National Education*, from the pen of Mr. GEORGE COMBE. It is a paper full of the profoundest thought, and at the same time eminently practical, and we are glad to see that it is published in a distinct form for general circulation. At this crisis of the question, it cannot fail to effect much good, by bringing to the discussion certain definite principles, based upon the immutable laws of nature. We cannot attempt to follow Mr. COMBE through his argument; but it may be stated broadly thus:—

Education is not that which is usually mistaken for it, viz. the putting of knowledge *into* a man; it is the *educing* of the faculties that are already within him—their development and cultivation. "Education," he says, "means teaching the individual what it concerns him to know relative to his own constitution, and that of the moral and physical world in which he is destined to live

and act; and it includes *training* him to habits of action suitable to that destination."

All acknowledge the importance of *teaching*; but the necessity for *training* is as yet very imperfectly understood. The effect of mere training upon the mental powers is astonishing. With the untrained mind the ears hear, the eyes see, the understanding appears to comprehend, but the comprehension is imperfect and inexact; the retention is momentary; and the power of reproduction, combination, and modification, almost nil.

In the untrained mind the moral sentiments are dull, for they have not been stimulated and directed. Otherwise it is with the animal propensities. These are in full power and activity, because they are called momentarily into action for the preservation of life, and the supply of the bodily wants. They are invariably subject to training; they are educated to the highest pitch, and unless counteracted by the training and education of the moral sentiments and the intellect, they take the precedence, and determine the character of the individual.

Mr. COMBE discusses the question as to the right of our rulers to interfere in the education of the people. He contends that it is both the *right* and *duty* of the State to see that the individual, in pursuing his own happiness, does not invade that of his neighbours.

He might, if he please, separate himself from society, and refuse to share any of its advantages. But if he prefer to avail himself of any of the benefits which society confers, which other men by their diligence, industry, and the training of their intellectual and moral powers have produced, he becomes bound to it by a duty, and society acquires a *right* to the enforcement of that duty.

The individual who claims the benefits afforded by an advanced and intelligent state of society, is bound to qualify himself, according to the endowments bestowed on him by Providence, for acting his part in that society well. In a society which is moral, he has no right to continue publicly immoral; because this is not only offensive, but directly injurious to his fellow-men; he is not entitled to remain ignorant and untrained; because in that condition he is incapable of performing his due part in the grand social evolutions, the beneficial results of which he claims a right to share. On what principle of reason or justice can any individual say—"I decline to undergo the fatigue and discipline necessary to render my brain active, in order to fit myself for skilful labour, and for applying my labour to the best advantage; I decline to learn to read and write; I decline to be instructed in, or to conform my conduct to, those conditions in the physical and moral world, which, by the ordination of God, are productive of prosperity and happiness; and I decline to regulate my conduct by what you call the laws of morality and reason; all this I decline, because I am a free and independent man, and because it would be irksome to me to submit to such training, instruction, and restraint; nevertheless, I claim the right to throw myself with all my incapacity undiminished, all my ignorance unilluminated, and all my passions unregulated and untamed, upon the bosom of society; I insist that its members who have cultivated *their* faculties, and reaped the natural rewards of that cultivation, in the possession of morality, intelligence, and wealth, shall bear the burden of my incapacity, of my recklessness, and of my follies; that they shall minister to me when sick, feed me when my unskilled labour, in competition with their skilled labour, does not suffice to supply me with the necessities of life; and that they shall provide for my wife and children when I sink into a premature grave." This embodies, not a rhetorical, but a *literal* statement of the demand which the untrained and uneducated labourer, who denies the right of society, to insist on his being trained and educated, makes on his fellow-men; and I leave those to defend it who abet him in that denial. The man who claims the benefit of a poor-law, actually demands from society all that I have now mentioned; and, unquestionably, we are entitled to say, "Before you claim ignorance as your birth-right, you must shew your emancipation from the laws of God, which connect want with incapacity, misfortune with igno-



rance, misery with immorality, and disease and premature death with habits of filth, sloth, and intemperance." If the man admits that he continues a subject of the Divine government (and unless he be mad he will not dispute this point), he cannot, with any shew of reason, contest the right of society to train and instruct him to that degree which shall render him a moral and intelligent agent, fit to play his part in the society of which he claims to be a member.

Mr. COMBE then considers what kind and degree of knowledge society has a right to insist on its members acquiring. He considers that religion should be made a much more prominent feature in education than it is at present, by linking it with science, and shewing the harmony between the voice of God, as uttered in the works of creation, and as written in the Scriptures. He is earnestly opposed to the voluntary system, and points, in proof of its failure, to the present backward state of education in these islands.

He calls eloquently upon the men of science to appeal more often and more energetically than they have done to the religious sentiments.

Mr. COMBE concludes with a remarkable and at this moment deeply interesting review of the intellectual condition of Ireland, tracing her wretched and half-civilized state to the system of *purely* theological education pursued by the Roman Catholic priests. But the passage, though long, deserves attentive perusal.

The diffusion of the Roman Catholic faith in Ireland has not been checked; because sectarian education being in its own nature separable from secular, the priests of that religion continued to instruct their flocks in their own doctrinal tenets, and have reared nearly seven millions of human beings devoted to them in soul and body, and ready to sacrifice every thing that is dear to humanity, including life itself, in their defence. But these statutes effectually prevented the instruction of the Irish people in the great laws of providence on which the acquisition of wealth and temporal prosperity depends; the cultivation of their intellectual powers; and the development of their moral sentiments, on which hang the security of person and property, public tranquillity, and many of the enjoyments and amenities of private life. All this, I say, was deliberately and systematically prevented by Parliament; and we now see a sincerely devotional people (for no candid observer can doubt that the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry are sincerely and deeply devotional), deplorably deficient in mental energy and industry, sunk in the lowest depths of helpless poverty, and, under the sufferings engendered by want, turbulent and murderous, false in covenants, untrue as witnesses, and wild and impulsive in revengeful action. Truly, when viewed in this light, they do seem to realize the orthodox description of human nature; but this is only the dark side of their character. In more favourable circumstances they are kindly, cheerful, affectionate, and respectful to superiors; shewing that they still possess the higher feelings of our nature. But how far may not their fearful aberrations and deficiencies have been aggravated by the imperfections of their training and education? Their qualities as a race may present obstacles to their improvement; but this affords no apology for having denied them, for so many generations, the means of secular education, except at the price of their religious faith. By prohibiting the use of the natural means for drawing forth the human powers in the sphere of virtue, the law has allowed them to luxuriate in that of vice; and in the present condition of Ireland, we read the consequences attached by the Author of nature to the neglect and infringement of his laws. We see the *beau-ideal* of the results of dogmatic teaching, when secular instruction is dis severed from it. In England and Scotland, a higher natural endowment of mind in the people, and more favourable circumstances, have led to the infusion of a certain amount of secular instruction into the schools for religious teaching; but among the Irish peasantry, for many generations, the priest alone was the instructor. Secular knowledge cultivates habits of correct observation of things which exist, of just appreciation of the effects of their qualities and modes of action, and of forethought and consideration regarding the adaptation of our own conduct to their influences. *Purely* doctrinal teaching, that is, the cultivation

of Wonder, Hope, and Veneration, as the leading emotions, fills the mind with fearful or sublime contemplations and aspirations, having their issues chiefly in eternity; and as these doctrines appeal to faith more than to reason, they do not cultivate habits of exact observation and reflection on this world's laws and constitution. They do not necessarily direct the attention of the mind to the proper arrangement and administration of secular affairs in conformity with the laws by which they are governed; but divert it away from them, and concentrate it beyond them in regions of eternal misery, or of glory and bliss. Ireland has been taught according to these principles, and her people are imbued with them; yet, because this world is an existing reality, instituted and governed by God according to laws adapted by him to its present condition, and because man has been fashioned by him in relation to it, and required by his constitution to act in intelligent accordance with its qualities and agencies, and because much of this department of Divine teaching has been neglected in the education of the people of Ireland,—they present the spectacle of poverty and ignorance, and of crime and misery, which now appals the world.

The new State Schools are, however, doing much to overcome the mischief.

Heartily do we commend the entire of this essay to the perusal of our readers. It is a master-piece.

The other contents of the number we must defer until next week.

## NECROLOGY.

### JAMES CROWTHER.

We have to record the death of James Crowther, the Manchester botanist, who died on Wednesday evening last, from a decay of nature,—we fear accelerated by a want of the requisite nourishment and warmth for a man of his years and infirmities. He was in his 79th year; and had only been confined wholly to his bed for two or three days previous to his death. Residing with a married daughter, who has a large family, all suffering from privations, which result from the factory workers amongst them having long been reduced to short time, poor Crowther had little support beyond the allowance of a pittance of three shillings weekly from "The Society for the Relief of Scientific Men in Humble Life." When we mention that Crowther was the friend and companion of Walker, J. Dewhurst, and E. Hobson, the botanists (all gone before him); that he rendered great assistance to the late Dr. Hull, in collecting and describing rare plants in this neighbourhood, when the Doctor was engaged in his work on botany; and that he furnished information to the late Sir James Edward Smith, relative to certain mosses and lichens which that distinguished botanist could not elsewhere obtain, for one of his botanical works, we shall have indicated sufficiently that poor Crowther was no ordinary man,—no everyday botanist. For some years past, mind and body have been gradually giving way. We understand, that some years ago, permission was granted him that his remains should rest by the side of those of his friend and botanizing companion, Edward Hobson, in the graveyard of St. George's Church, Hulme. His obsequies are to be attended, as a mark of friendship and respect, by a number of his surviving fellow-students in more than one kingdom of nature—for Crowther was also an able entomologist. There still survive him a small band of veteran naturalists in this neighbourhood; three of them sexagenarians; three others approaching the period assigned of old for the duration of human life,—“three-score years and ten;” and one, who has seen about eighty winters, and is still vigorous both in body and mind. The lives of these extraordinary men, all of them in humble circumstances, would furnish a remarkable chapter in any enlarged edition of a work professing to record “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.”—*Manchester Guardian*.

To Sir Peter Laurie's work on prison discipline, several columns in a late number of the *Augsburg Gazette* have been devoted. The book is praised very highly, and is held up as one from which the members of the congress for prison reform, held some time ago at Frankfort-sur-Maine, might learn much. Value, too, is attached to it as coming from a man who has had the experience and opportunities necessary for the composition of such a work; and the heartiness and feeling with which he has embarked in the cause of the condemned felon is mentioned in words of warm commendation.